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The California Story Book

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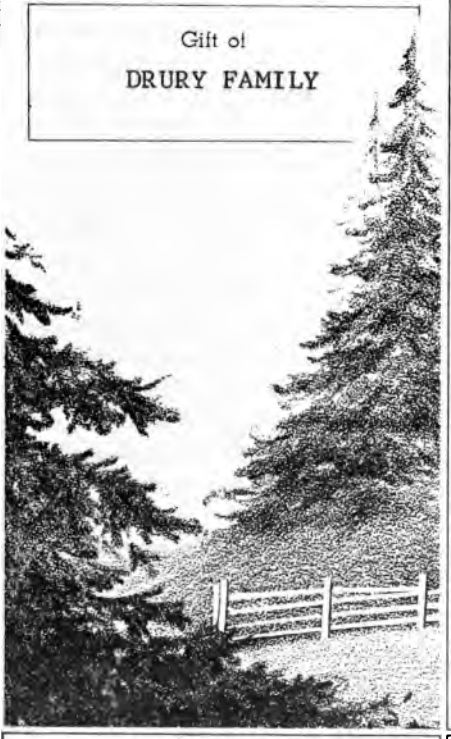

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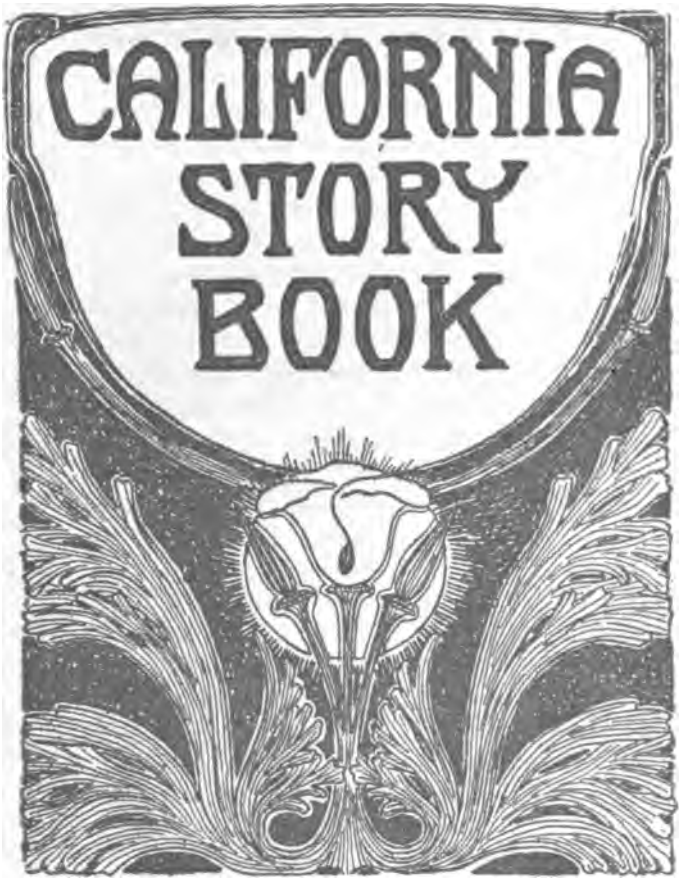

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THE STAFF

MARGUERITE OGDEN, '10, Editor

SARA ASHBY, '10
MARGARET HIZAR, '10
IRVING MARKWART, '10
FRANCIS STEEL, '10
LEILA HIBBARD, '10
EDNA HIGGINS, '11

BUSINESS MANAGERS

EARLE SNELL, '09
NAT SCHMULOWITZ, '10

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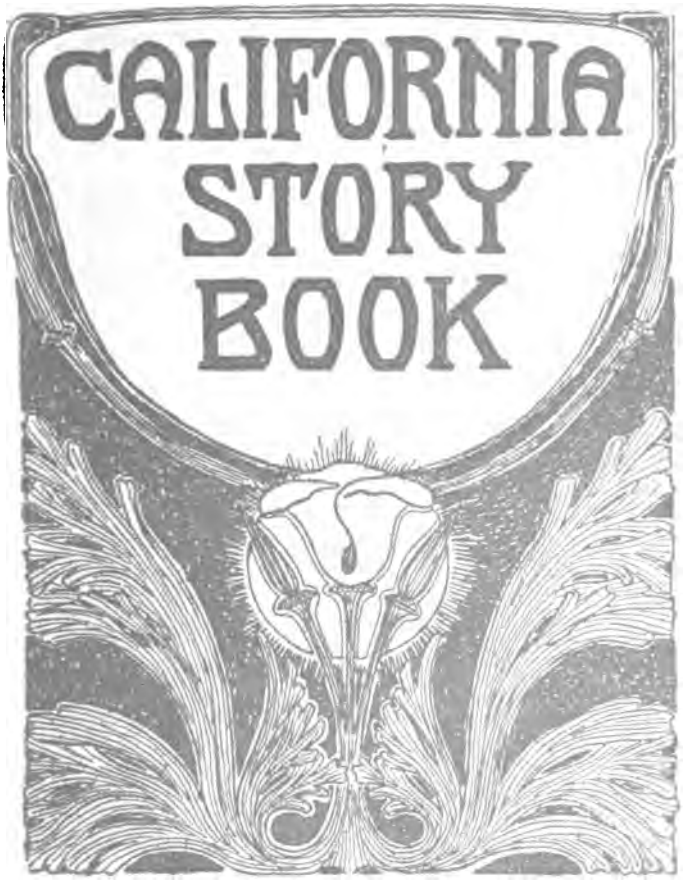

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Introduction

THE project of the collection and publication of California stories was first conceived by English Club in the fall of 1908 and a committee was appointed to follow up the rather vague suggestion, to read over and select, from the files of the Occident and the University of California Magazine, stories, college stories if possible, worthy of publication in a representative college book. The work of the committee proved very soon the unfeasibility of this first idea, and the scope of the prospective collection was widened, at the request of some of the contributors themselves, to include work done after graduation.

A short story contest, primarily in the interests of the book, was opened by the Club at the end of the spring semester, and the three stories ranking first in the contest are included in the collection. "Yesterday—A Toast," by Sara Canterbury Ashby, '10; "Values," by Marguerite Og-

den, '10, and "Bernice, Patrice and Clarice," by Elizabeth Florence Young, '10.

In the final selection, the staff and the judges have dwelt on the essentially literary merit of the stories while still keeping in mind, as a desirable element, the general tenor of western college atmosphere. It is felt, too, that the appearance of some of the stories in periodicals at various times, as well as of the three stories, "The History of Chop-Suey and Fan-Tan," by Gurden Edwards, '07; "Phil," by Christina Krysto, '09, and "Steve," by Francis Steel, '10, taken from the California Occident, will in no way lessen the interest taken in a book representative of the best in short story writing of California graduates and students.

Acknowledgements are due the judges in the short story contest, Professor C. Wells, Dr. George E. Smithson, '03; Richard Walton Tulley, '01, Christina Krysto, '09, and Francis Steel, '10; to Miss Grace Dickover, of Santa Barbara, for the marginal illustrations used throughout the book, and to Mr. Porter Garnet for his invaluable assistance in the selection of the title-page drawing and in the supervision of the make-up of the book.

M. O.
Berkeley, California.

Nov. 26, 1909.

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Mater Gloria

WE learned a song when the world was young.
Flowers of the heart and altar fires.
Winds of the earth and sea gave tongue,
And down the world our prayer was flung —
"Gloria, Mater! — Our desires!"

We dreamed a dream when the day was new.
Bud and blossom and leaping flame.
The promise came that the dream was true —
We sang on every wind that blew,
"Mater! Gloria! Thine the fame!"

Some work we do in the western light.
Withered leaf and fitful gleam.
At the threshold of the night
We raise the hymn that is thy right —
"Gloria, Mater, for the dream!"

Isabel McReynolds Gray

The Passing of Cock-Eye Blacklock

"TELL, m' son," observed Bunt about half an hour after supper, "if your provender has shook down comfortable by now, we might as well jar loose and be moving along out yonder."

We left the fire and moved toward the hobbled ponies, Bunt complaining of the quality of the outfit's meals. "Down in the Panamint country," he growled, "we had a Chink that was a sure frying-pan expert; but *this* Dago—my word! That ain't victuals, that supper. That's just a' ingenious device for removing superfluous appetite. Next time I assimilate nutriment in this camp I'm sure going to take chloroform beforehand. Careful to draw your cinch tight on that pinto bronc' of yours. She always swells up same as a horned toad soon as you begin to saddle up."

We rode from the circle of the campfire's light and out upon the desert. It was Bunt's turn to ride the herd that night, and I had volunteered to bear him company.

Bunt was one of a fast-disappearing type. He knew his West as the Cockney knows his Piccadilly. He had mined with and for Ralston, had soldiered with Crook, had turned cards in a faro game at Laredo, and had known the Apache Kid. He had fifteen separate and different times driven the herds from Texas to Dodge City, in the good old, rare old, wild old days when Dodge was the headquarters for the cattle trade, and as near to heaven as the cow-boy cared to get. He had seen the end of gold and the end of the buffalo, the beginning of cattle, the beginning of wheat, and the spreading of the barbed-wire fence, that, in the end, will take from him his occupation and his revolver, his chaparejos and his usefulness, his lariat and his reason for being. He had seen the rise of a new period, the successive stages of which, singularly enough, tally exactly with the progress of our own world-civilization: first the nomad and hunter, then the herder, next and last the husbandman. He had passed the mid-mark of his life. His mustache was gray. He had four friends—his horse, his pistol, a teamster in the Indian Territory Panhandle named Skinny, and me.

The herd—I suppose all told there were some

two thousand head—we found not far from the water-hole. We relieved the other watch and took up our night's vigil. It was about nine o'clock. The night was fine, calm. There was no cloud. Toward the middle watches one could expect a moon. But the stars, the stars! In Idaho, on those lonely reaches of desert and range, where the shadow of the sun by day and the courses of the constellations by night are the only things that move, these stars are a different matter from those bleared pin-points of the city after dark, seen through dust and smoke and the glare of electrics and the hot haze of fire-signs. On such a night as that when I rode the herd with Bunt *anything* might have happened; one could have believed in fairies then, and in the buffalo-ghost, and in all the weirds of the craziest Apache "Messiah" that ever made medicine.

One remembered astronomy and the "measureless distances" and the showy problems, including the rapid moving of a ray of light and the long years of its travel between star and star, and smiled incredulously. Why, the stars were just above our heads, were not much higher than the flat-topped hills that barred the horizons. Venus was a yellow lamp hung in a tree; Mars a red lantern in a clock-tower. One listened instinctively for the tramp of the constellations. Orion, Cassiopeia, and Ursa Major marched to and fro

on the vault like cohorts of legionaries, seemingly within call of our voices, and all without a sound.

But beneath these quiet heavens the earth disengaged multitudinous sounds—small sounds, minimized as it were by the muffling of the night. Now it was the yap of a coyote leagues away; now the snapping of a twig in the sage-brush; now the mysterious, indefinable stir of the heat-ridden land cooling under the night. But more often it was the confused murmur of the herd itself—the click of a horn, the friction of heavy bodies, a stamp of a hoof, with now and then the low, complaining note of a cow with calf, or the subdued noise of a steer as it lay down, first lurching to the knees, then rolling clumsily upon the haunch, with a long, stertorous breath of satisfaction.

Slowly at Indian trot we encircled the herd. Earlier in the evening a prairie-wolf had pulled down a calf, and the beasts were still restless. Little eddies of nervousness at long intervals developed here and there in the mass—eddies that not impossibly might widen at any time with perilous quickness to the maelstrom of the stampede. So as he rode, Bunt sang to these great brutes, literally to put them to sleep—sang an old grandmother's song, with all the quaint modulations of sixty, seventy a hundred years ago:

With her ogling winks
And bobbling blinks,
Her quizzing glass,
Her one eye idle,
Oh, she loved a bold dragoon,
With his broadsword, saddle, bridle.
Whack, fol-de-rol!

I remembered that song. My grandmother—so they tell me—used to sing it in Carolina, in the thirties, accompanying herself on a harp, if you please:

Oh, she loved a bold dragoon,
With his broadsword, saddle, bridle.

It was in Charleston, I remembered, and the slave-ships used to discharge there in those days. My grandmother had sung it then to her beaux; officers they were; no wonder she chose it,—"Oh, she loved a bold dragoon,"—and now I heard it sung on an Idaho cattle-range to quiet two thousand restless steers.

Our talk, at first, after the cattle had quieted down, ran upon all manner of subjects. It is astonishing to note what strange things men will talk about at night and in a solitude. That night we covered religion, of course, astronomy, love-affairs, horses, travel, history, poker, photography, basket-making, and the Darwinian theory. But at last inevitably we came back to cattle and the pleasures and dangers of riding the herd.

"I rode herd once in Nevada," remarked Bunt,

"and I was caught into a blizzard, and I was sure freezing to death. Got to where I couldn't keep my eyes open, I was that sleepy. Tell you what I did. Had some eating-tobacco along, and I'd chew it a spell, then rub the juice into my eyes. Kept it up all night. Blame near blinded me, but I come through. Me and another man named Blacklock—Cock-eye Blacklock we called him, by reason of his having one eye that was some out o' line. Cock-eye sure ought to have got it that night, for he went bad afterward, and did a heap of killing before he *did* get it. He was a bad man for sure, and the way he died is a story in itself." There was a long pause. The ponies jogged on. Rounding on the herd, we turned southward.

"He did 'get it' finally, you say," I prompted.

"He certainly did," said Blunt, "and the story of it is what a man with a' imaginary mind like you ought to make into one of your friction tales."

"Is it about a treasure?" I asked with apprehension. For ever since I once made a tale (of friction) out of one of Bunt's stories of real life, he has been ambitious for me to write another, and is forever suggesting motifs which invariably —I say invariably—imply the discovery of great treasures. With him fictitious literature must always turn upon the discovery of hidden wealth.

"No," said he, "it ain't about no treasure, but just about the origin, hist'ry, and development—and subsequent decease—of as mean a Greaser

as ever stole stock, which his name was Cock-eye Blacklock.

"You see, this same Blacklock went bad about two summers after our meet-up with the blizzard. He worked down Yuma way and over into New Mexico, where he picks up with a sure-thing gambler, and the two begins to devastate the population. They do say when he and his running mate got good and through with that part of the Land of the Brave, men used to go round trading guns for commissary, and clothes for ponies, and cigars for whisky and such. There just wasn't any money left *anywhere*. Those sharps had drawed the landscape clean. Some one found a dollar in a floor-crack in a saloon, and the bar-keep' gave him a gallon of forty-rod for it and used to keep it in a box for exhibition, and the crowd would get around it and paw it over and say: 'My! my! Whatever in the world is this extremely cu-roos coin?'

"Then Blacklock cuts loose from his running mate, and plays a lone hand through Arizona and Nevada, up as far as Reno again, and there he stacks up against a kid—a little tenderfoot kid so new he ain't cracked the green paint off him—and *skins* him. And the kid, being foolish and impulsive-like, pulls out a pea-shooter. It was a *twenty-two*," said Blunt, solemnly. "Yes, the kid was just that pore, pathetic kind to carry a dinky twenty-two, and with the tears runnin'

down his cheeks begins to talk tall. Now what does that Cock-eye do? Why, that pore kid that he had skinned couldnt 'a' hurt him with his pore little bric-à-brac. Does Cock-eye take his little parlor ornament away from him, and spank him, and tell him to go home? No, he never. The kid's little tin pop-shooter explodes right in his hand before he can crook his forefinger twice, and while he's a-wondering what-all has happened, Cock-eye gets his two guns on him, slow and deliberate-like, mind you, and throws forty-eights into him till he ain't worth shooting at no more. Murders him like the mud-eating, horse-thieving snake of a Greaser that he is; but being within the law, the kid drawing on him first, he don't stretch hemp the way he should.

"Well, fin'ly this Blacklock blows into a mining-camp in Placer County, California, where I'm chuck-tending on the night shift. This here camp is maybe four miles across the divide from Iowa Hill, and it sure is named a cu-roos name, which it is Why-not. They is a barn contiguous, where the mine horses are kep', and, blame me! if there ain't a weathercock on top of that same,—a golden trotting-horse,—*upside down*. When the stranger an' pilgrim comes in, says he first off: 'Why'n snakes they got that weathercock horse upside down—why?' says he. 'Why-not,' says you, and the drinks is on the pilgrim.

"That all went very lovely till some gesabe

opens up a placer drift on the far side the divide, starts a rival camp, an' names her Because. The boss gets mad at that and rights up the weather-cock, and renames the camp Ophir, and you don't work no more pilgrims.

"Well, as I was saying, Cock-eye drifts into Why-not and begins diffusing trouble. He skins some of the boys in the hotel over in town, and a big row comes of it, and one of the bead-rock cleaners cuts loose with both guns. Nobody hurt but a quarter-breed, who loses a' eye. But the marshal don't stand for no short-card men, an' closes Cock-eye up some prompt. Him being forced to give the boys back their money is busted an' can't get away from camp. To raise some wind he begins depredating. He robs a pore half-breed of a cayuse, and shoots up a Chink who's panning tailings, and generally, and variously becomes too pronounced, till he's run outen camp. He's sure stony-broke, not being able to turn a card because of the marshal. So he goes to live in a' ole cabin up by the mine ditch, and sits there doing a heap o' thinking, and hatching trouble like a' ole he-hen.

"Well, now, with that deporting of Cock-eye comes his turn of bad luck, and it sure winds his clock up with a loud report. I've narrated special of the scope and range of this 'ere Blacklock, so as you'll understand why it was expedient and desirable that he should up an' die. You see, he

always managed with all his killings and robbings and general and sundry flimflamming to be just within the law. And if anybody took a notion to shoot him up, why, his luck saw him through, and the other man's shooting-iron missed fire, or exploded, or threw wild, or such like, till it seemed as if he sure did bear a charmed life; and so he did till a pore yeller tamale of a fool dog did for him what the law of the land couldn't do. Yes, sir, a fool dog, a pup, a blame yeller pup named Sloppy Weather, did for Cock-eye Blacklock, sporting character, three-card-monte man, sure-thing sharp, killer, and general bedeviler.

"You see, it was this way. Over in American Cañon, some five mile maybe back of the mine, they was a creek called the American River, and it was sure chock-a-block full of trouts. The boss used for to go over there with a dinky fish-pole like a buggy-whip about once a week, and scout that stream for fish and bring back a basketful. He was sure keen on it, and had bought some kind of privilege or other, so as he could keep other people off.

"Well, I used to go along with him to pack the truck, and one Saturday, about a month after Cock-eye had been run outen camp, we hiked up over the divide, and went for to round up a bunch o' trouts. When we got to the river there was a mess for your life. Say, that river was full of dead trouts, floating atop the water; and they

was some even on the bank. Not a scratch on 'em; just dead. The boss had the papsy-lals. I never *did* see a man so rip-r'aring, snorting mad. *I* hadn't a guess about what we were up against, but he knew, and he showed down. He said somebody had been shooting the river for fish to sell down Sacramento way to the market. A mean trick; kill more fish in one shoot than you can possibly pack.

"Well, we didn't do much fishing that day,—couldn't get a bite for that matter,—and took off home about noon to talk it over. You see, the boss, in buying the privileges or such for that creek, had made himself responsible to the fish commissioners of the State, and 't wasn't a week before they were after him, camping on his trail incessant, and wanting to know how about it. The boss was some worried, because the fish were being killed right along, and the commission was making him weary of living. Twicet afterward we prospected along that river and found the same lot of dead fish. We even put a guard there, but it didn't do no manner of good.

"It's the boss who first suspicions Cock-eye. But it don't take no seventh daughter of no seventh daughter to trace trouble where Blacklock's about. He sudden shows up in town with a bunch of simoleons, buying bacon and tin cows* and such provender, and generally giving it away

*Condensed milk.

that he's come into money. The boss, who's watching his movements sharp, says to me one day:

" 'Bunt, the storm-center of this here low area is a man with a cock-eye, an' I'll back that play with a paint horse against a paper dime.'

" 'No takers,' says I. 'Dirty work and a cock-eyed man are two heels of the same mule.' "

" 'Which it's a-kicking of me in the stummick frequent and painful,' he remarks, plenty wrathful.

" 'On general principles,' I said, 'it's a royal flush to a pair of deuces as how this Blacklock bird ought to stop a heap of lead, and I know the man to throw it. He's the only brother of my sister, and tends chuck in a placer mine. How about if I take a day off and drop round to his cabin and interview him on the fleetin' and unstable nature of human life?'

"But the boss wouldn't hear of that.

" 'No,' says he; 'that's not the bluff to back in this game. You an' me an' Mary-go-round'—that was what we called the marshal, him being so much all over the country—'you an' me an' Mary-go-round will have to stock a sure-thing deck against that maverick.'

"So the three of us gets together an' has a talky-talk, an' we lays it out as how Cock-eye must be watched and caught red-handed.

"Well, let me tell you, keeping case on that

Greaser sure did lack a certain indefinable charm. We tried him at sun-up, an' again at sundown, an' nights, too, laying in the chaparral an' tarweed, an' scouting up an' down that blame river, till we were sore. We built surreptitious a lot of shooting-boxes up in trees on the far side of the cañon, overlooking certain an' sundry pools in the river where Cock-eye would be likely to pursue operations, an' we took turns watching. I'll be a Chink if that bad egg didn't put it on us same as previous, an' we'd find new-killed fish all the time. I tell you we were *fitchered;* and it got on the boss's nerves. The commission began to talk of withdrawing the privilege, an' it was up to him to make good or pass the deal. We *knew* Blacklock was shooting the river, y' see, but we didn't have no evidence. Y' see, being shut off from card-sharping, he was up against it, and so took to pot-hunting to get along. It was as plain as red paint.

"Well, things went along sort of catch-as-catch-can like this for maybe three weeks, the Greaser shooting fish regular, an' the boss b'iling with rage, and laying plans to call his hand, and getting bluffed out every deal.

"And right here I got to interrupt, to talk some about the pup dog Sloppy Weather. If he hadn't got caught up into this Blacklock game, no one'd ever thought enough about him to so much as kick him. But after it was all over, we began to

remember this same Sloppy an' to recall what he was; no big job. He was just a worthless fool pup, yeller at that, everybody's dog, that just hung around camp, grinning and giggling and playing the goat, as half-grown dogs will. He used to go along with the car-boys when they went swimmin' in the resevoy, an' dash along in an' yell an' splash round just to show off. He thought it was a keen stunt to get some gesabe to throw a stick in the resevoy so's he could paddle out after it. They'd trained him always to bring it back an' fetch it to whichever party throwed it. He'd give it up when he'd retrieved it, an yell to have it throwed again. That was his idea of fun—just like a fool pup.

"Well, one day this Sloppy Weather is off chasing jack-rabbits, an' don't come home. Nobody thinks anything about that, nor even notices it. But we afterward finds out that he'd met up with Blacklock that day, an' stopped to visit with him—sorry day for Cock-eye. Now it was the very next day after this that Mary-go-round an' the boss plans another scout. I'm to go, too. It was a Wednesday, an' we lay it out that the Cock-eye would prob'ly shoot that day, so's to get his fish down to the railroad Thursday, so they'd reach Sacramento Friday—fish-day, see. It wasn't much to go by, but it was the high card in our hand, an' we allowed to draw to it.

"We left Why-not afore daybreak, an' worked

over into the cañon about sun-up. They was one big pool we hadn't covered for some time, an' we made out we'd watch that. So we worked down to it, an' clumb up into our trees, an' set out to keep guard.

"In about an hour we heard a shoot some mile or so up creek. They's no mistaking dynamite, leastways not to miners, an' we knew that shoot was dynamite an' nothing else. The Cock-eye was at work, an' we shook hands all round. Then pretty soon a fish or so began to go by—big fellows, some of 'em, dead an' floatin', with their eyes popped 'way out same as knobs—sure sign they'd been shot.

"The boss took and grit his teeth when he see a three-pounder go by, an' made remarks about Blacklock.

" "Sh!' says Mary-go-round, sudden-like. 'Listen!'

"We turned ear down the wind, an' sure there was the sound of some one scrabbling along the boulders by the riverside. Then we heard a pup yap.

" 'That's our man,' whispers the boss.

"For a long time we thought Cock-eye had quit for the day an' had coppered us again, but byne-by we heard the manzanita crack on the far side the cañon, an' there at last we see Blacklock working down toward the pool, Sloppy Weather

following an' yapping and cayoodling just as a fool dog will.

"Blacklock comes down to the edge of the water quiet-like. He lays his big scoop-net an' his sack—we can see it half full already—down behind a boulder, and takes a good squinting look all round, and listens maybe twenty minutes, he 's that cute, same 's a coyote stealing sheep. We lies low an' says nothing, fear he might see the leaves move.

"Then byne-by he takes his stick of dynamite out his hip pocket—he was just that reckless kind to carry it that way—an' ties it careful to a couple of stones he finds handy. Then he lights the fuse an' heaves her into the drink, an' just there 's where Cock-eye makes the mistake of his life. He ain't tied the rocks tight enough, an' the loop slips off just as he swings back his arm, the stones drop straight down by his feet, an' the stick of dynamite whirls out right enough into the pool.

"Then the funny business begins.

"Blacklock ain't made no note of Sloppy Weather, who's been sizing up the whole game an' watchin' for the stick. 'Soon as Cock-eye heaves the dynamite into the water, off goes the pup after it, just as he 'd been taught to do by the car-boys.

" 'Hey, you fool dog!' yells Blacklock.

"A lot that pup cares. He heads out for that

stick of dynamite same as if for a veal cutlet, reaches it, grabs hold of it, an' starts back for shore, with the fuse sputtering like hot grease. Blacklock heaves rocks at him like one possessed, capering an' dancing; but the pup comes right on. The Cock-eye can't stand it no longer, but lines out. But the pup 's got to shore an' takes after him. Sure, why not? He thinks it 's all part of the game. Takes after Cock-eye, running to beat a' express, while we-all whoops and yells an' nearly falls out the trees for laffing. Hi! Cock-eye did scratch gravel for sure. But 't ain't no manner of use. He can't run through that rough ground like Sloppy Weather, an' that fool pup comes a-cavortin' along, jumpin' up against him, an' him a-kickin' him away, an' r'arin', an' dancin', an' shakin' his fists, an' the more he r'ars, the more fun the pup thinks it is. But all at once something big happens, an' the whole bank of the cañon opens out like a big wave, and slops over into the pool, and the air is full of trees an' rocks and cart-loads of dirt an' dogs and Blacklocks and rivers an' smoke an' fire generally. The boss got a clod o' river-mud spang in the eye, an' went off his limb like 's he was trying to bust a bucking bronc' an' could n't; and ol' Mary-go-round was shooting off his gun on general principles, glarin' round wild-eyed an' like as if he saw a' Injun devil.

"When the smoke had cleared away an' the

trees and rocks quit falling, we clumb down from our places an' started in to look for Blacklock. We found a good deal of him, but they was-n't hide nor hair left of Sloppy Weather. We did n't have to dig no grave either. They was a big enough hole in the ground to bury a horse an' wagon, let alone Cock-eye. So we planted him there, an' put up a board, an' wrote on it:

Here lies most
of
C. BLACKLOCK,
who died of a'
entangling alliance with
a
stick of dynamite.
Moral: A hook and line is good enough
fish-tackle for any honest man.

"That there board lasted for two years, till the freshet of '82, when the American River—Hello, there 's the sun!"

All in a minute the night seemed to have closed up like a great book. The east flamed roseate. The air was cold, nimble. Some of the sage-brush bore a thin rime of frost. The herd, aroused, the dew glistening on flank and horn, were chewing the first cud of the day, and in twos and threes moving toward the water-hole for the morning's drink. Far off toward the camp the breakfast fire sent a shaft of blue smoke

straight into the moveless air. A jack-rabbit, with erect ears, limped from a sage-brush just out of pistol-shot and regarded us a moment, his nose wrinkling and trembling. By the time that Bunt and I, putting our ponies to a canter, had pulled up by the camp of the Bar-circle-Z outfit, another day had begun in Idaho.

Yesterday—A Toast

"Ah, my Belovèd, fill the Cup that clears
To-day of past Regrets and Future Fears:
To-morrow! — why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years."

QURRAY has just rung me up to ask if he might call for us with his machine this afternoon."

Marjorie looked up from her sewing to where Elizabeth stood in the doorway—"What did you say?"

"Oh, I told him yes," answered Elizabeth, her color a little heightened. "What else could I say? You and he planned the affair together. It's only natural that he should come for us."

Her aunt threw a glance of inquiry over the billowy blue mull in her lap—"Won't people talk?" but Elizabeth had stooped to pick up a piece of lace from the floor and did not answer.

Majorie jabbed her needle into the white cambric—"What nonsense, it's perfectly all right.

Everybody knows it's a class reunion and that we're all old friends."

"Everybody knows, too," interrupted Mrs. Marston, "that he sent his wife and baby to Mill Valley yesterday."

"That's the way with these gossipy towns," flashed Marjorie, breaking her thread with a vicious jerk, "always attending to other people's business!"

Elizabeth's head bent lower over her work, her hair shading her face. "I suppose it is rash," she said, "but it was so long ago, nobody remembers."

Her aunt compressed her lips. "How can you afford to leave your sewing?" Both girls looked up reproachfully.

"Now Auntie, we'll only be gone an hour or two and it would never do for us not to be there."

Mrs. Marston said no more, but a little anxious look crept into her face.

Exactly at three the girls heard the auto's shuddering stop at their door and then Murray's quick bound upon the veranda.

Elizabeth stood before the mirror in her bedroom noting critically the effect of a new pink gown. It was becoming and she could not help seeing that the rose-flush in her cheeks was as delicate and her hair as dusky black as when she was eighteen. She caught her breath. That

was a long time ago—it were better not to think of it—and yet—. She began moving restlessly around the room and stopped in front of an open window. A warm breeze sent the curtains swirling over her head and then streaming far out the window. In the garden below the flowers drooped in the hot afternoon sun and the faint odor of roses floated up and wrapped her round. As in a dream she heard Marjorie calling to her and she did not answer. Then a quick tap at the door and Majorie came in with a rustle of crisp muslin skirts and a disapproving, "Why, Elizabeth, not ready! Murray's waiting for us—where is your hat? We musn't be late."

Elizabeth turned from the window and began mechanically to straighten the dresser. "I think I'll not go," she said, without looking at Marjorie.

Her cousin's patience gave way. "Any one would think you were sixteen." She stamped her foot. "What possible reason have you for not going? You can't leave me in the lurch this way at the last minute, here's your hat, hurry!" and Elizabeth, hardly knowing what she did, found herself putting on her hat and gloves. She gave one last glance at the mirror before she turned away and the shadows left her face. After all, what difference did it make? It was all so long ago; he had been married five years—

and she—well it was nobody's affair. She went down the stairs with a defiant tilt of her chin.

It was this spirit that lent a little effusiveness to her greeting of Murray in the cool living room below. He, big and nonchalant, was talking with Mrs. Marston of summer plans, of his settling his family at Mill Valley, of his own bachelor condition—all with the easy grace of the family man. He took Elizabeth's hand cordially and waved aside her apologies for being late, then resumed his light talk with her aunt until Marjorie appeared laden with punch bowl and glasses.

A few minutes later he was helping them into the automobile. Marjorie took the back seat, then he turned to Elizabeth. Her cheeks were the color of her pink gown and of the pink roses on her hat. Murray's eyes took on a warmer light, and for the fraction of a second they faced each other, Murray motionless, with his square shoulders and stubborn chin, Elizabeth wavering. Then she shook her head and got in beside Marjorie. He leaned over the wheel to tuck in her skirt and as he did so their eyes met, her's were very bright. "Do you remember," he said, "the old bay horse. He was very faithful and steady, wasn't he?" Then he cranked the machine, sprang lightly into the front seat and turned the wheel.

They went slowly at first. The warm air

fanned them with its languorous breath of magnolia blossoms and roses, and the palms stirred their stiff fronds faintly. Ahead the road gleamed white and the heat wavered up and beat upon their faces. Then they turned into College Avenue and came upon a stretch of level road. Murray turned on the power and the machine responded to his hand with a leap. They slid along easily and the curbings fled past them in a glare of white, blended with the green hills beyond. The wind scorched their faces and sang its wild song in their ears. Still Murray sat motionless, his broad shoulders set, his hand on the wheel, and Elizabeth watched him with wide, dark eyes. Once Marjorie clutched her hand and gasped, "Tell him to stop," but Elizabeth shook her off and said nothing.

They came at last in sight of the campus with its ivy-covered buildings, set among the oaks. Murray slowed down and rounding a corner with a deft curve, stopped in front of Hearst Hall. He jumped out and handed Marjorie down, then turned to Elizabeth. She was very pale and the dark hair lay in ruffled waves about her forehead and neck. Murray took both her hands. They were cold and he held them tight as he helped her to the ground. Elizabeth caught her breath and turned away, to find a group of old college friends coming up the walk. They laughed and called out, "Well, this seems like

old times!" Elizabeth flushed but Murray answered heartily, "Yes, doesn't it, we're all young again today."

They entered the quaint, weather-browned building under a pergola of clematis and purple wisteria, and turned up the broad stairway to the hall above. Marjorie hastened away with the punch bowl but Murray and Elizabeth paused a moment in the shadow of a palm. Neither had been in the hall since their graduation six years before, and its mingled strangeness and familiarity set old chords vibrating until from out dusky corners stole faint strains of forgotten music and shadowy forms floated past them in a brief, sweet vision of the past. Elizabeth's hand hung at her side and Murray's was near. Their palms touched for an instant and each felt the other's thoughts.

It was Elizabeth who spoke first. "Let us go on, we must speak to Professor Anderson."

The old professor, who had been a favorite with the class and was its guest of honor for the afternoon, stood in a circle of his former students. Others came up at intervals and were greeted with his old school courtesy and kindliness. Murray and Elizabeth entered the group together and the professor recognized them with more than his usual warmth. "Well, Murray, so you're still doing politics—booked for the legislature next year, they tell me. Oakland is to

be congratulated. That reminds me," and he turned to Elizabeth with a cordial hand shake. "You're to be married soon, I hear, to Jack Danvers—let me see—a nought-one man, wasn't he? You knew him in college of course. Well, my best wishes," and he made her a stately bow. He watched them as they walked away, Murray's broad shoulders bending over the girl's slender figure, then he shook his head and turned again to the chatter around him.

Murray and Elizabeth moved on through the animated groups of men and women—boys and girls today—greeting everybody, stopping here and there to chat and laugh over some old escapade. They came across Dick Danvers, surrounded by half a dozen girls as usual, and keeping them all laughing. His boyish face, topped by its tight gold curls, lighted up with a flash when he saw them. "Just the people I want to see." He shook Elizabeth's hand and clapped Murray on the back. "Well, old man, how could Oakland spare you this afternoon. You're one of the desperate despots we used to hear about in college. Do you remember when you ran for class president, and got beaten?"

Murray laughed in reply. "I did get turned down a good deal in those days"—he caught Elizabeth's eye and became suddenly grave. "Things go more my way now. I've caught the trick." Elizabeth noticed that the slant of his

jaw was grim—a mastiff's that hangs on to the death. She shivered and started on.

A young matron came hurrying up with a nod for Murray and an ecstatic embrace for Elizabeth. "Oh, Elizabeth, you don't know how glad I am, I haven't had a chance before; do let me come and talk it all over with you. Jack's such a splendid fellow, so like Dick, and he's a dear! Of course you're terribly busy but—" Elizabeth had extricated herself with difficulty from the enveloping flounces and was smiling faintly. "Yes, I am busy, I'm rather tired." "Why you do look pale," her friend broke in, "it's this heat, but you'll be out of it soon. Ah, Murray," she turned upon him rapturously, "that baby! I saw him yesterday at the ferry. How could you let him go? But of course you'll be over there half the time. And anyway you men always amuse yourselves when your wives are away. Oh I know!" she shook her finger coquettishly at him. "I worm it out of Edward about your stag parties and all that. When the cat's away—" But Murray and Elizabeth had torn themselves loose and were trying to get out of the main stream which was moving down the hall.

They found themselves finally in an eddy at one side of the current, and stood again alone. Elizabeth was very tired and her whole body showed the terrible lassitude that seemed to have seized her. Murray stood with his broad shoulders

to the crowd and faced her. His jaw had the mastiff set that she dreaded. "Elizabeth," he said, "look at me," and she pressed her hands against the wall behind her and leaned hard against it. "Don't," she said faintly, but his insistence bore her down and at last he had her eyes — dark with pain and a great weariness. "Elizabeth," he said, "aren't you tired of all this? We've made a mistake, let's cut it all out and live our lives as God intended we should, if you still care."

"Don't," she moaned, and turned her face away, but he held her relentlessly. She was twisting her long, brown fingers and the diamond glittered with a hard light and cut into the tender flesh. His voice dropped to a whisper as he bent over her. "Dear little Bess!"

A sharp voice came from an alcove near them —"Yes, she's old enough to know better, of course; he's only fooling with her, but I thought she had more sense; and then you know everybody said they were engaged when they were in college. He was crazy over her." Elizabeth started up as if awakened from a dream, and Murray's face stiffened. "Let's get out of this," he said, roughly, and led the way down the hall.

Elizabeth, following at a little distance, noted the imperious set of his head and shoulders above the crowd through which he was pushing ruth-

lessly. There was an air of almost insolent triumph in his face, and something in the full throated voice sent a shudder over her. But Murray was by her side again and they moved on toward the group around the punch bowl.

Dick was proposing a toast. When he caught sight of Elizabeth he sprang lightly upon a chair and raising his glass with a flourish that included them all, announced, "To our future!" Murray turned to Elizabeth. She was quite pale and had scarcely touched her glass. He looked down at it and then at his own, untasted. His eyes held hers a moment, then dropped to her lips with a droop of the eyelids that was a caress. He raised his glass, "To our past," he murmured, and drained the last drop.

But Elizabeth was looking past him at Dick, and in a swift vision there came to her another face, stronger and graver, but with the same hint of laughter in the honest grey eyes. It was a face to trust a life-time and her heart suddenly went out towards it in a great throb of thankfulness. She turned quickly to Murray and her cup fell to the floor with a little shiver of broken glass. "How careless of me," she laughed, and looked him full in the face.

Sara Canterbury Ashby.

The Idealist

THE long shadows of the autumn evening were creeping slowly across the campus; already they had passed in gentle undulation over the bleachers, and to the imponderable touch the enthusiasm of the men had calmed to something less ferocious, finer and more tender. The rhythmic roars of defiance, the concerted bursts of exultation had ceased, and now they sang a little song, softly, in the gloaming:

"Oh, here's to Charley Pringle,
Charley Pringle, Charley Pringle,
Oh, here's to Charley Pringle,
God bless him, heigh-ho!"

To Thane, lying on the side-lines in a tense stretching of his slender body toward the field, the change was grateful, and the last of some bitterness black within him evaporated to a glow

of his whole being. Before him, vague in the brown haze of the coming night, the team, with sudden rushings of feet and catapultic shocks, was tearing through the scrubs in the last practice before the big game. On the day following the morrow they would go forth to battle for the college, and the fact that he was now on the sidelines meant that he would not be of them.

Four years before, a freshman, he had gone out upon the field to strive for the golden honor of service now finally denied him. Right away he had been judged. From the bleachers his slender body, his hazy blue eyes, his ingenuous fervor had been immediately recognized as an element of joy for the long practice evenings, and as promptly had gained him the nickname of "Girlie." And the coaches, discussing that night the new material, had dismissed him from further consideration with one curt word—"Crockery"—the fragile crockery, material unfit for the grinding team-machine. In his four years of furious striving he had failed to modify the verdict. "Crockery" he had remained to the coaches, though at times—often in this last season—he displayed flashes of something tense, almost weird, that threw them—men dealing with matter and apt to forget the spirit—into profound astonishment; and to the bleachers he was still "Girlie," the very ardor of his loyalty to college having something exaggerated, emotional, almost

mystic, that caused him to be regarded by his fellows with a certain irony, half tender, half contemptuous.

They started another verse on the bleachers, now fading fast beneath the shadow of the giant eucalypti, with another name, in successive tribute to the members of the team. "Oh, here's to Jimmy Whipple," they sang,

"Jimmy Whipple, Jimmy Whipple,
Oh, here's to Jimmy Whipple,
God bless him, heigh-ho!"

To the vague melancholy of the hour they responded unconsciously. They sang in low key, caressingly; the high voice of a tenor wailed a little. Thane thrilled in one of the accesses of fervor that made him slightly ridiculous—a fervor of love, of adoration for his College, his Alma Mater, Mother of his Soul. A tumult of sensations, of sentiments, surged within him: tenderness, fealty, a desire for sacrifice; they mingled with visions almost tangible: a great blue banner with a golden C smacking high in the breeze, marble halls upon tawny hills above an azure sea; and then all this seemed to blend like vapors meeting in the sky and he saw Her, the Alma Mater herself, the Soul-Mother, of whom he was at once the son and the knight; she, throned there above, robed in clouds, distant, shadowy, inexpressibly fair; upon her brow lay the marmoreal calm of

purity and wisdom; her hair was as the streaks of sun-kissed rain; her eyes were as the sea.

But some one shook him, and he dropped out of his fine frenzy. The practice line-up had ended, the scrubs were trotting up the hill to the gymnasium, and from the centre of the field where the team waited the coach was calling him. Such returns to earth usually left Thane somewhat crestfallen, but this night the exaltation did not leave him; and as he walked out upon the field, grave as for a sacrificial rite, his face glowed with something that the others had not. He passed Garvin, the quarter who had beaten him out, on his way to the side-lines for his sweater; he looked upon the squat power of his form without the usual feeling of inferiority; within him something thrilled finer than anything Garvin might have. He came to the team. "Run them through their plays," said the coach.

He placed himself behind the rampart of muscle-bulging jerseys; lightly he passed his hand from end to end, and each man beneath the touch started uneasily, stamped his cleats deeper into the earth, drew closer to his companion till they were welded into one body as by a hoop of steel; he passed a slow, heavy glance upon the three backs, and the tense power of their expectant crouch became vibrant; he spoke two or three quiet words, and the whole eleven, a moment before like a dray mired and atilt in the mud,

began to tremble with an inward ebullition, like a locomotive feeling at the lever the hand of the favorite master. His signal rang in clear bugle note, and the human machine leaped forward in a five-yard ramming. Another signal caught the spend of its effort and hurled it forward again; and to the crackling of repeated signals the team swept across the field in pulses of power, an irresistible body at the command of an ardent soul.

"That will do," said the coach.

Immediately the team began to disintegrate, the men smoking like wet straw, walking wearily toward the subs, who held their sweaters. But Thane stood motionless, rapt like the musician who, long after his bow has ceased caressing its last note, listens to the echoes of his unappeased soul. This was the best he was to know. On the day after the morrow the team would go forth to battle, and he would not be with them. This was the best he was to know; it was the climax of his career, this charge across the empty field, puerile, against a vacuum. But it was something, a great deal. To the innermost fibre he glowed with the exaltation; for he had felt respond to his touch the vibrant force of flesh and blood; he had felt it bound beneath his voice, to the inspiration of his soul: that they could not take from him; rapt, he concentrated his being to drinking of it to the dregs.

On the bleachers they had at length come down to his name. "Oh, here's to Girlie Thane, oh; Girlie Thane, oh; Girlie Thane, oh," they sang, and the blended voices were joyous with playful irony: "Oh, here's to Girlie Thane, oh; God bless *her,* heigh-ho!" They weighed heavily upon the "her," as had been the tradition.

Then with a rush and a shout they avalanched down upon the field. The advance wave caught up the men of the team on its crest, threw them up on heaving shoulders. With a blare the band started a double-quick march and behind it the whole college danced the serpentine four abreast. They undulated across the gridiron, then up the hill toward the gym. Thane walked up slowly, a little apart. The intoxication that possessed him was a silent and repressed one. The roar of the delirious multitude came to him as the beat of a far-off sea. Like a flapping velvet cloak the night was falling from the sky. Torches began to flare here and there, then a long, lithe flame shot up lickingly, reddening the walls of the gym. The freshmen had started their bonfire.

In the dressing-rooms the assistant coach, pausing as he started to pull off his sweater, said to the head coach:

"By the way, did you notice how Thane ran the team tonight?"

"Yes," said the coach; "he certainly does make

it go. But we settled that long ago. He's only crockery. Garvin is the man."

"That's right," said the assistant. But he could not shake off the picture, still in his mind, of the team, one, concentrated, welded into a machine, thrill to the touch, leap to the voice of the slender young quarter with the rapt, spiritual face. And unconsciously his head shook from side to side in considering doubt.

Outside, like red devils, the freshmen were whirling around the fire. And Thane, pausing at the door of the gym, looked past and beyond them, to the west, where yet lingered a last glow of the set sun. And there, far, shadowy, inexpressibly fair, again he saw Her, the College, his Alma Mater, Mother of his Soul. And his whole being tensed in silent devotion.

* * * * * * *

Thane lay on the side-lines, as seemed his eternal fate. About the quadrangle of yellow earth there rose on all sides, high, almost to the skies, palpitating human walls; from behind him, passing over his prostrate form like puffs of compressed air, came the rhythmic roars of his college men. Sometimes these roars rose to piercing, exultant shrieks that flattened him still lower with their concussion. His eyes were out upon the white-streaked gridiron upon which his team, blue-jerseyed and gold-striped, were battling with the men of flaming cardinal red.

A vague uneasiness possessed him, for to his practiced eye things were not going quite as had been expected. The game had begun with an exchange of punts, then Thane's fellows, the Tigers, as they had become popularly known, veterans all, working together with the calm confidence of their proven strength, resolutely took the offensive. By a series of elastic lunges, almost jauntily they swept back the Cardinal team, heavy and strong as it was, clear across the field, back almost against their goal-posts in a heaving disordered mass. There, however, Garvin, the squat quarter, signaled for a drop kick. Kaarsberg, the full, fell back, received the ball a little high, juggled a trifle—and the kick went wide of the posts. Immediately, from their twenty-five-yard line where the ball had been brought out, the Cardinal team, with a strong breeze behind, punted far down the field; and when the Tigers secured the ball it was fifteen yards within their own territory.

With the lesson of perseverance deep written in their souls by many battles, the Tigers, undismayed, started again. This time, however, they did not sweep off their feet the Cardinal team, which, though new and relatively inexperienced, was heavy and tremendously powerful. The advance was slow—a patient, stubborn pounding. Three times the linesmen had to be called in for accurate measurement of downs gained by inches.

But finally, when a [illegible] [illegible] the striped team gained the ten-yard line, again Larvin, made cautious by his first failure, signaled for a drop. To a chorus of disapproval from the bleachers, Kaarsberg dropped back to position. The ball sailed to him fair from the centre. Raising it with arms outstretched straight opposite his eyes, he let it fall, at the same time stepping forward with his left foot; his right swung sharply forward, caught the lower oval upon the toe, and the ball rose slowly up and forward. It soared toward the goal, well-directed, but a little to the right, hovered a moment as in doubt, almost over the cross-bar; then a fierce puff of the fast rising wind deflected it. It swerved to the right, imperceptibly at first, then decidedly, and swooped past the long perpendicular post a few inches outside of it. A roar of disappointment, quickly drowned by an exultant cry from the other side, came from the bleachers; and in the turmoil the Cardinals, bringing the ball out to the twenty-five-yard line, kicked it atop a whirling gust of wind deep into blue-and-gold territory.

Securing the ball, the striped team gathered itself together for another effort, agrowl at the failure of generalship that was robbing them of their toil. The linemen, cleats deep in the earth, lowered their heads, and the whole welded body swung to and fro for a moment like a sullen bull nursing its rage; then with a catapultic shock it

was on its way again, tearing through the red opposition. But the Cardinal team was fighting better every moment. Right in the game it was getting the experience that solely it lacked; minute after minute it was being pounded into unity. The gains became shorter; at nearly every down the linesmen with their sticks and chain ran out upon the field to measure the bitterly disputed yards; and the blue-and-gold backs when tackled clawed the ground for precious inches. And then finally when the Cardinal team had been backed up panting, sobbing, against its five-yard line, the ferocious attacks of the Tigers broke impotently upon it like sea-foam upon rock—and in three whirling downs the Cardinal eleven had regained the ball and punted it back far down the field.

But again the Tigers, iron-hearted, started for the Cardinal goal. By this time it was not the confident, jaunty team of the beginning. Each gain took all their skill, their cunning, the lesson learned bitterly in so many battles; each gain took all of their concentrated strength which despairingly they felt ebbing from them like sand out of a torn sack; and Thane, on the side-lines, writhed to the agony of their toil. Behind him, in the press-stand, a reporter was shouting into a telephone, and his short, brutal sentences rang inexorable like a pronouncement of doom. "The Tigers are tiring," the reporter shouted; "they're

tiring, tiring! Their gains are almost nothing now. Their strength is going. They can't score now—they can't, they can't! It's a busted team, busted, clean busted!"

And it was true. Those four tremendous and unavailing sweeps across the field had sapped their vitality; but that was not the worst. The wind of panic was among them, of panic at the unexpected and fearful resistance, at the suddenly revealed weakness of their leader's judgment. The rancor of men being beaten without their fault fermented within them an unreasoning distrust of their fellows, once so thoroughly trusted; and the team was disintegrating. Thane saw it all, detail by detail. Greisberg and Athearn, the two big guards, were working spasmodically, at one time tearing immense holes in exaggerated despairing effort the next, listless, allowing their opponents to get the jump on them. Whipple, the left tackle, was wrecking himself in unreasoning fury. Thane looked at Pringle, expecting from him some of the typical encouraging shouts that so often had pulled together a frenzied team; but right away he saw that the big, jolly captain was lost in his own individual problem. Pitted against him was a young freshman, a giant of singular strength and agility, and Pringle was calling to himself all his resources to uphold his veteran's prestige which alone up to now had enabled him to subdue his terrible antagonist.

He knew that he must bluff the young fellow, retain the moral ascendency, or be outplayed. So, pale as death, big tears of sweat upon his brow, he smiled in the face of his yet diffident opponent, tweaked his nose, pulled his hair, joshed him in a running stream of contemptuous talk, submitted him to a thousand indignities, while within him he feared the sudden realization of superior strength which might at any moment come to the novice. And so he had no time to give to his fast-breaking team. Behind the line things were as bad. Kaarsberg, disheveled, dilated-eyed, was going wild. Hall was in one of his bad moments; a sneer upon his lips, he played aloof from his fellows. Of that whole team only three men remained unmoved: Cornish, the centre, grim and silent, snapping back the ball steady as a mechanical feeder; Smith, the right half, bucking with his steady fury; and Garvin, squat and stolid, passing the ball with the smoothness of an endless chain, but running the team heavily, with no vibration to his calls, no inspiration to his gestures.

And yet the disorganized team, with jerky attacks, forced the ball along for twenty yards. They lost it, and the Cardinal Reds punted it back forty. With another series of spasmodic efforts the Tigers pushed forward fifteen yards; and the Reds punted back forty. Then, sullen and morose, Garvin gave up the offensive.

Kaarsberg punted into Red territory; but the Reds, cunningly evading the invitation to take the lead, punted back and, with the wind behind them, gained ten yards in the exchange.

And then came the disaster. Only ten yards from his own last white line, the Tiger quarter decided on a fake kick; but his signal, muffled in the roar of the rooters, was misunderstood by Cornish. Straight back between his legs the centre hurled the ball to Kaarsberg as for a punt, but the full-back was already galloping far to the left for the fake. With a heart-bursting sense of the irretrievable, Thane saw the ball, with none to receive it, strike the ground, then roll on clean over the Tiger goal-line; he saw Garvin straining after it, a whirl of Cardinal red behind, saw him leave his feet, flash along the ground, cover the ball with his body. But it was too late. Before he could rise and throw himself back upon the gridiron, the red whirl was upon him, crushing him back to earth—and it was a safety, and it scored two clear points for the Cardinal.

For a moment Thane was stunned; then his blood heated within him in a burst of rebelling loyalty. And as a few minutes later the half being over he followed the team to the dressing-rooms without knowing it he was repeating over and over again: "We'll beat 'em, kill 'em, next half; we'll beat 'em, kill 'em, next half!" Above him in the penumbra of his heated imagination,

he saw Her, the College, calm, pure, inexpressibly fair. It could not be, it could not be; her knights could not fail! A formidable desire to act, to do, twitched at his muscles; and on his bench, in an obscure corner of the steaming room, he was mumbling, without knowing it, his desperate slogan: "We'll beat 'em, kill 'em, next half!"

The physical condition of the team had not escaped the trainers, and for five minutes there was heard nothing but the dripping of water, the gurgle of wet sponges, the ripping of bandages; then the coach sprang upon a bench and began to talk. Thane listened, all ready for firm approval; but a disappointment, vague at first, then immense, overwhelmed him. The man spoke bitingly of the mistakes made, of the going to pieces of the team; but it was technical, technical, all technical—not at all what was needed, what Thane himself longed to pour out; an evocation of the College, the Alma Mater for whom they fought, a call upon their fealty, their love, their passionate devotion. It was not there, not there at all, in that bitter upbraiding—the flame of sacrifice, the rally to the Cause that would sweep these men onward, irresistible, to victory. It was not there—and Thane, without knowing it, was on his feet, had sprung upon the bench. His lips opened; a ringing "Fellows!" was already upon them——

But the referee's shrill whistle, calling the re-

newal of the battle, saved him from the ridiculous demonstration. Thane followed the team out, leaving them at the side-lines. The men in the short recess, had regained their composure; their bodies glowing with comfort beneath the new, dry jerseys, they trotted out solidly in a compact platoon far different from the straggling rout that had left the field at the end of the first half. Thane noted this, noted the fixed eyes and grinding teeth, and his soul grew firm with rock-bound confidence. "Things will be different now," he said to himself; "mighty different now!"

And for a while they were. Confidently the Tigers took the offensive, and, working smoothly, like well-oiled machinery, with a cunning checking and sudden concerted release of strength that pushed home eleven efforts as one, they swept victoriously along the field. But a perverse Fate hovered over them. A fumble lost them the ball on the ten-yard line. The Cardinal full-back punted, and Kaarsberg, slipping in the one puddle of mud left on the field by a watering-cart, dropped the ball, the Reds regaining it. On the blue-and-gold thirty-yard line the Cardinal full-back took his position for a try at a field-goal.

It was a critical moment, but Thane did not fear. The Tigers were again the veterans of old. Thane saw the line settle down in a crouch, tremendous with resolve. From the bleachers came

a rhythmic command: "Block that kick! Block that kick!" The ball sailed back from the centre; Thane saw the striped jerseys flash through the Cardinal line like spray through a sieve; he saw Pringle, ahead of the rest, leap up in the air, remain as if suspended there, huge arms outstretched as upon a cross. There was a resounding thump. Thane sprang to his feet electrified. "Kick blocked!" he yelled shrilly.

And instantaneously he saw the victorious stroke turned into defeat. By an extraordinary chance the ball, bounding back from Pringle's chest, nestled right into the arms of the Cardinal full-back. With the rapidity of instinct he swerved aside and then, the ball tucked securely under his armpit, was loping at full speed around the bewildered Tigers, huddled up by their convergent charge to block. Kaarsberg himself was off his guard; at the telltale thump of the blocked ball he had sprung forward. The impetus was still upon him when the red jersey of the Cardinal full flashed into sight. He threw himself sideways in a long, desperate tackle; his fingers just tipped the heels of the flying man; the latter tripped, recovered, and then, off his balance, went stumbling and reeling onward across the remaining twenty yards, clear across the last white line for a touch-down.

A silence of lead settled upon the blue-and-gold bleachers, while the stands, the sky, the whole

universe went red, and red screams pierced the brain. But Thane's whole being rose in passionate affirmation of devotion. At this last trick played by Fate upon the unsullied honor of his college he boiled in protestation. It was like some monstrous divine injustice. His innermost fibres rebelled and he twitched upon the side-lines in a mad desire for action in a spasm of will to conquer which he felt he could almost transmit to the team out there beyond his voice and touch. And he watched them, absorbed, watched them, heroically persistent, thunder down the field, to lose the ball and see it swoop back over their heads, stealing from them the yards bitterly gained; thunder down again, almost to the goal, for another heart-breaking loss of the ball, and, regaining it, again renew the long, hard, unavailing effort for the last white line, the twofold crossing of which alone could regain them their lost honor. But surely the shadow of the irrevocable was descending upon the doomed team. One touch-down would not suffice to even up the eight points of the Cardinal; two were necessary, and yet one seemed impossible. Each time, after hammering back the Red team almost to the goal, they failed in the subtle paroxysm of effort necessary to push home the success, and the Reds, maddened, hurled them back, sapped of strength, like children. And the crushing knowledge of how much was to be done, and how little they yet

could do, began to steal into their hearts like a paralysis. The gains became shorter; the ball began to be lost farther from goal. The team at times only crept; finally it stopped in the centre of the field, as if mired, its efforts spasmodic as those of a dying animal.

It was then that the coach, watching with white lips his team going to pieces, stumbled upon Thane. The sub-quarter was crouched upon the side-line, his legs doubled beneath him, his weight forward upon his hands—and his whole body quivering elastically like that of a feline stalking its prey. A sudden inspiration came to the coach.

"Get in there, Thane," he said shortly, "and pull us out of that mess."

And Thane, rising lithely and casting off his sweater in the movement, stepped out upon the field. He went across the trampled ground, calm, grave-eyed, as if to a sacrificial rite; the restrained exaltation of his being shone from his face like a white flame, and the bleachers, mute at first with astonishment and doubt, now catching the subtle emanation, broke out into a great cry of joyous confidence.

He came to the team, took his position behind the rampart of muscle-bulging jerseys. Lightly he passed his hand from end to end; each man beneath the touch startled, stamped the ground, dug his cleats into the earth, snuggled close to

his fellow, till they were bound as by a hoop of steel. He turned toward the backs, and to his glance they crouched low, vibrant with cumulating effort. He spoke a quiet word, and the team, a moment before like an abandoned dray careened in the mud, began to tremble with an inward ebullition, like a locomotive feeling at the lever the caress of the master's hand. It was a third down with five yards to gain, but he did not doubt.

"Four-ten-six!" he shouted like a clarion, and Hall, taking the ball from him, plunged ahead, his whole weight forward, his feet drumming the ground behind. With two thuds that sounded as one, Greisberg and Pringle tore open the Cardinal line and Hall flashed through. He crashed against the secondary defense, wavered a moment, his feet still furiously pounding the ground, then, the whole team swirling behind him, he swerved, broke loose, and, with a Cardinal back twined like a snake about his legs, staggered on for six yards.

"First down!" called the referee.

Again Thane called upon Hall for another gain; then he cross-tackled Smith in a rhinoceros charge, and, the Cardinal line now crouching low for better resistance, he sent Kaarsberg hurdling like a comet over their heads.

And thus they went down the field, an irresistible machine infused with an indomitable

soul. Ceaselessly running from one end of the line to the other with word and gesture of encouragement he welded the eleven to the heat of his faith. Fifteen yards from a touch-down they lost the ball, and, taking it forty yards back, from where it had been punted, they started again.

"Oh, we'll come back! " he shouted to the Cardinal captain smiling derisively at this new check; "you can't beat us; you can't beat Her you know! " And his tone had a calm assurance that froze the red-jerseyed man. And they began again the long assault. With great whistling expulsions of breath as, of one man, as of some gigantic wood-chopper felling some mammoth oak, the team rammed and rammed with constantly increasing fury. And all the time he was playing upon the Cardinal line like a pianist upon his instrument his ear attentive for the false note. And at last he had found it—the left tackle; it was the left tackle that was weakening. The great hoarse breath of the team quickened to his spur redoubled its beats, and like a fiendish catapult they battered the doomed man, broke him, surged over him, drowned him, dazed, blinded as by a gale-pushed surf. Five yards from goal the Cardinal team stopped them for two downs, and then, with one last chance before them, the Tigers, throbbing with fury, hurled them back and swept them across the last precious white line.

A moment later the goal was kicked. But this

was not enough. This made six points only to the Cardinal eight.

"We'll come again, in a minute!" Thane shouted to the Cardinal captain, and then, to the referee: "How much time have we"

And then he sickened to the sense of irretrievable disaster. For the referee, pursing up his lips significantly, had shaken his head in refusal to answer—which meant that the five-minute limit beyond which time cannot be told was already passed, that there were now left less than five minutes to turn defeat into victory, less than five —how much less he could only surmise in exasperating doubt. There was still in his mind a vague picture of the referee rushing to him with open mouth between two scrimmages: that must have been the announcement, but just when it had come he could not remember. At one moment it seemed but a second ago, the man's voice still echoed in his ear; and then suddenly it fell back, back in past time, and he started in fear, imagining the shrill whistle that would herald the end.

The Cardinal team spread out in a long line across the centre of the field; the Tigers scattered over their own half; from his position, clear back, almost beneath the white arms of the goal, Thane looked upon his men, and he saw that they were crushed; that this last verdict of Time, coming upon the fag-end of their endur-

ance, had broken them. The touch-down must be made immediately, it must be made by one man —it must be made by him!

A heavy silence had fallen upon the arena; the bleachers, in a reaction from the delirious strain, were numb; motionless, as if wrought-iron, they looked upon the beaten team, pennants and colors hanging flutterless. Far across the trodden field, barred by the Cardinal goal-posts, the sun was setting. Thane thrilled in an ecstasy of resolution. In the glow of that descending sun, visible only to him through the divination of love, she appeared, his College, the Mother of his Soul, throned there above earthly turmoil, serene in her trust; and within the ample folds of her cloud garments her arms stretched to him in calm, assured appeal.

There was a shrill whistle. The man at the centre of the spread Cardinal line ran forward with shortened steps; there was a thump, and far up into the depths of the sky the ball soared slowly, while, following along the ground beneath, the red-jerseyed line thundered down the field. And right away Thane saw that the ball was his. It rose, rose, till it seemed but a little black spot; it seemed to stick, pasted to the heavens; and then it began to come down, down, down in long spirals, with ever increasing velocity. Thane, changing ground with each of its swoops, remained beneath it, and

suddenly, with a vicious last burst it banged into his arms. For a moment he was still, looking above the far Cardinal goal-posts, into the sunset depths where he saw Her calling to him in tranquil command. Then, with a side-step that threw off the first red tackler, he lowered his head and started down the field.

And then the multitude saw something that lived ever after in the college annals. They saw Thane, cunningly concealing himself behind the team which had bunched before him, follow it as it thundered down the centre of the field in a living shield; then, as its impetus spent itself upon the Cardinal charge, leave it and spring out alone to the left. They saw him with a phenomenal burst of speed circle clear around a trio of red jerseys, and, swerving back to a straight course, make right for the goal-posts. He struck a group of Cardinal men who had diagonaled to intercept him as he circled, and his striped jersey flashed through them as if something vapory that glided through matter—and then he was clear, a red whirl in pursuit and two men only in the way. The first approached him, carefully measuring distance and speed. He crouched; his legs distended like springs, and he flew low along the ground. Thane's left arm went out straight like a lance, and suddenly the red jersey collapsed like a rag. Thane wavered a moment; he sent a queer, dazed look ahead and

above, seemed to find what he sought, and then with a smile, his eyes ahead and up in a singular rapt expression, he sprang forward again, straight for the last man in his path as if unaware of his presence. He neared him with great leaps; he was almost upon him. Suddenly his whole body seemed to rise in air; his knees snapped up to his chin—and the red jersey streaked impotently beneath, hurdled! A few more steps and Thane was over the last white line, fair between the posts. And there, with the same ridiculous, rapt expression, he stood erect, the ball under his arm, his eyes in the clouds.

All this the astounded bleachers saw; but Thane didn't. All that he knew was of running, with a longing burst that came straight from the heart, through a great silence and a whirr of red, straight for a vision that was throned in the clouds. And he was still there—in the clouds—two hours later when, at the delirious banquet given in honor of the victory, to the coach's question, "How the deuce did you do it" he answered, "Oh, I just ran to Her."

Which raised a general laugh and straightway regained him his nickname, "Girlie," that for at least two hours he had been in danger of losing.

James Hopper

The History of Chop-Suey and Fan-Tan

"The living-idol Chop-Suey sat in the temple for over a hundred years and then he disappeared, and no one knew where he went."—*Ancient Chinese Legend.*

I SAW the temple myself and the very altar upon which he sat, so I, for one, know that it is a true legend. And there are many poems and stories written about him, one of which I have translated for you, so that you might know more about him; of course, I have made a very free translation because it is hard to do Chinese into English, and besides I wanted to make it rhyme, since that is what makes good poetry. But, anyway, the old poet-chronicler tells us that

"He was a god and a wise old god,
(And a god in a temple Chinee);
And he wore a smile (like a salted cod
From out of the salty sea,

And he blinked at the punk that sacredly
stunk,
In a long smoke filigree.)"

That is the way I am going to make it rhyme all the way through; the parts in brackets I really made up to help out, but all the rest is in the words of the ancient author himself. Who goes on to say:

"And he sat leg-crossed in an age old squat,
Holy and pensive (and queer,
Taking his time in the self-same spot)
For over a hundred year,
Absolving all sin (with his codfish grin)
For a punk and a penitent tear.

"(For *he* was all that a god should be—
He'd swallow whatever you'd say,
Readily granting that two is three
If you'd mention it while you pray;
So the people sinned and the good god
grinned,
And the punk-works seemed to pay.)"

Then the historian goes on to tell how there was a big fat mandarin in the neighborhood who used to sin all the time and used up prodigious quantities of punk; but finally he got so fat that he couldn't get down to the temple personally

to make his sacrifices, so he used to send one of his men to do it for him, with roast pigs now and then as an extra offering for special forgiveness, and the god used to send one of his priests up to the palace with the grin. But this hasn't really anything to do with the main story, so I won't translate it. I only mentioned it because the fat mandarin had a wife named Fan-Tan who has a lot to do with it, and this is what is written about her:

"In the twilight came a slant-eyed maid,
And she knelt at the good god's shrine,
Penitent, daintily, half-afraid
Of the deified old divine,
And she sacrificed punk till the whole place stunk,
And the god gave a gracious sign.

"(For he sneezed and he wheezed and he had to cough,
Till a tear ran along his nose,
And hung on the end and trickled off
And tumbled among his toes.
When a god does so, it's a sign, and you know,
Whatever you ask for goes.)"

This is what must have happened, for you must remember that the god was not an ordinary

bronze idol, but a real live man-idol, like they have in some places in China, and therefore he had to breathe, and if the lady burned so much punk, it must have almost smothered him; because some ladies in this country burn punk in their parlors when they are going to have company, and it makes the parlor so smothery and choky that sometimes the company gets sick and doesn't stay late.

But anyway the lady was very nice-looking, as the old poet says in the following words:

"Ah, she was a daughter of old Cathay,
As sweet as the plum in spring,
And over her shoulders her long locks lay
As black as the oo-longs wing;
(And the poet concludes, in twenty-five verses,
That she was a beautiful thing.)"

A textual difficulty is presented by the line which I have translated "As black as the oo-long's wing," but I think that I have construed it correctly. It is quite true that oo-long is the trade name of a variety of tea, and taken in this sense, would hardly do in the above context; but I think that our author does not refer to tea so much as to the other meaning of oo-long, which is black-dragon; this theory is supported by external evidence, since black dragons have wings, and tea, so far as I know, has not.

Having described the lady, the poet proceeds:

"Then she told how she'd wed, as her father had sold,
A mandarin fatly antique,
Whose head was hot, but his heart was as cold
As a herrin's, and over her cheek
A hot blush spread and she hung her head,
And faltered, fearing to speak.

"So she seized some more punk and burnt it amain,
Till the good god shouted for air,
And started him coughing and sneezing again
Till the priest hurried in in despair,
And gave her a fan to revive the old man
And water to pour on his hair."

"And when they got him around at last"—

I never saw such a lengthy old rhymester; I think I had better translate the next six stanzas into prose because they only tell how she confessed that her husband didn't treat her just right, and she had made up her mind to run away to America and wanted the god to give her good-luck before she started. And the god thought and thought a long time, and thoughts arose in

his head that weren't usual in a well constructed idol's head, and finally he told her that he never had had a case just like hers before, and he would have to take the matter under advisement, but if she would come to see him about the same time next evening he would tell her definitely then whether he would forgive her or not. And the lady asked him if some li-chi nuts would help him decide, and he said three bushels might, and she said she thought she could bring four, and he said he thought she had better do so to make sure, and she said she would because her mandarin could afford that many, and he said he thought at least that many, and she said all right she would, and he said alright, and she said alright, and he said good-night, and she said good-night, too. You can see for yourself how unnecessary it would be to make all that into poetry, but what comes next is very poetical, and has to be put into verse in order to bring out its beauty. This is how it goes:

"And after she'd gone he thought and thought,
As only a god can think,
And he looked at the stubs of the punks she had bought
With a reminiscent blink,
And he finally said, with a wag of his head and a meditative wink:

" 'I've idled as long as an idol should,
And I've grinned till I look like a fish,
And the pay that I get is none too good,
Nor all that a god could wish!"
And he sniffed and he snuffed and impatiently puffed,
And finally muttered 'Pish!

" 'There's not enough sin in this land any more,
To really support a church,
And it's getting to be a horrible bore
To sit on the self-same perch
For a hundred years, when, from what one hears,
If he'll only go out and search,

" 'He can make his fortune washing clothes
For people across the sea—
If I had a wife, why, nobody knows
How rich I might get to be.'
So he dreamed in the gloom of the silent old room
Of the holy old temple Chinee"——

late into the night, long after the last villager had put his squeaky old fiddle away, waiting in placid expectation, our poet goes on to say, in stanzas more numerous than amusing, till the sinful lady returned next evening with the four

bushels of lichi nuts. I am going back to prose again for awhile. And this is what he said when she came to the temple again next evening with a bundle:

"Did you bring those nuts?"

And she said: "No."

And he said: "No?"

And she said: "No. But I brought a four bushel pig instead. He looked just like my husband before he was cooked."

And he said: "Is your husband cooked?"

And she said: "No. His pig is cooked. This was his pig."

And he said: "I'll eat that pig."

So he ate the pig. After he had eaten the pig, he said: "H'm. Let me see. What was it that we were talking about last night? Tell me again. I have forgotten."

And she said: "I hate that big fat mandarin who is my husband, because he looks like a pig. Also because he acts like a pig. I think he is a pig. So I am going to run away from him and go over to California and get rich. It's the days of '49 over there now."

And he said: "I'll forgive you for that heinous offense upon one condition, to wit, that you marry me and take me along with you."

And she said: "You horrid old thing. You have been an idol for a hundred years—and how

could an old thing like me be happy with an old idol like you?"

And he said: "You could put me up on a shelf and run a temple over there and get rich."

And she looked around at the shabby old temple, and the wizened old priest who mumbled to himself all day like an old woman, and then she said: "No, it doesn't seem to pay. And besides, you are too old for even that. You wouldn't last another hundred years."

And he said: "You are laboring under a false impression, Fan-Tan. I have had the job only a couple of months. I took the last idol's place when he died, and he had only been here a couple of years, because he took another man's place, and I don't know how many there were before him. Behold!" And he pulled off his whiskers and got down from the altar as spruce as a kitten.

And she said: "I am simply astonished."

And he said: "I knew you'd be surprised. Will you marry me or will you not? And what's more, will you take me to America with you, or will you not? If you don't, I'll tell that fat mandarin of a pig of a husband of yours that you are going to quit his side."

And she said: "You had better not, or I'll tell all the people that you are a fake."

And they looked at each other with a scared look, and said: "We have got each other in a

tight place." So they decided to elope on the next steamer to America, which they did.

This is about as far as the old poet goes with the story, and he didn't have all the details that I have given either, but I have given you the benefit of later discoveries. For instance, he didn't know about the young man's not being a hundred years old, nor that the idol wasn't the same Chinaman all the time, because they all dressed just alike and you could not tell them apart, unless you took them apart, which wasn't permitted, and he did not know that the idol eloped with Fan-Tan instead of just disappearing—all of which things are true and happened just about as I have set them forth, and are very important, as you will see in the next chapter. He concludes his history with the following pathetic stanzas—pathetic because so true:

"When the morning came and the sinners
came
To the great god's shrine to pray,
And light their punks with a penitent flame
In the good, old-fashioned way,
The god was not in the usual spot
As punctually as they.

"So they waited all day until two o'clock,
And then they waited till three,
But he didn't grin on the faithful flock

In response to their punkful plea —
And since the day that he went away
Nobody has heard of he."

That is all the old historian has to say about him because that is all he knew, but that is not all there is, as you will find out if you read chapter two. This is Chapter Two now. I got the facts from Chop-Suey, Jr., who was one of the results of Chop-Suey and Fan-Tan's elopement.

Well, after they decided to elope, they took the next steamer to San Francisco. Now, you must remember this was in the early days, when a silly old-side-wheeler went thumping across the Pacific every two or three months, and everybody was going crazy over the gold mines in California. And this is what happened while they were traveling in the ship with a whole lot of other Chinamen; but nobody recognized them.

Chop-Suey had brought his whiskers with him and his old clothes that he used to wear in the temple, and Fan-Tan said: "Why did you bring those things?"

And Chop-Suey said: "You wait and see."

Fan-Tan had brought some funny looking cards, about so wide and about so long with her, and Chop-Suey said to her: "Why did you bring those things?"

And Fan-Tan said: "You wait and see."

So the ship started off with a great thumping

of her paddle wheels, and everybody jumped and thought, "My goodness sakes alive!" and wished they hadn't started. But after awhile they got used to it, and all went to sleep. And when everybody was asleep, Chop-Suey got up and put on his old clothes and his whiskers. Then he found a nice solid place in a good dark corner, and sat down there with his legs crossed and his hands folded, and lighted a piece of punk and stuck it up in front of him, all just like he used to look in the temple. Then he waited for day to come. And when day did come, every one saw him sitting there and said, "Maybe it is a god."

But when Fan-Tan came along, he winked at her, and she went and got some punk and began to make prayers and kow-tow in front of him. Then every one felt sure that he was a holy man and began to do the same thing. Then Fan-Tan began to make sacrifices to him of her valuables and money for a good voyage and good luck. Then every one was positive that he was a holy man and began to do the same thing.

Then next day it got cloudy, and then it got windy, and then it got so wavy that the ship began to wiggle and everybody began to get sick. So Fan-Tan sacrificed to Chop-Suey more than ever, and prayed him to make the storm go away, and everybody did the same thing. But the storm got worse and worse, and every one

got sicker and sicker, till finally Chop-Suey couldn't stand it any longer himself and he got so sick that his whiskers came off, and he rolled over on the deck and grunted like every one else. After awhile the storm got better, and people began to sit up and take notice again. And some of them noticed that Chop-Suey was one place and his whiskers were another, and that he was just as sick as anybody. After that they were not so sure that he was a god, so they didn't make him any more sacrifices.

But the ship kept going, until finally she got to San Francisco. Chop-Suey and Fan-Tan went ashore and said: "Where is Chinatown?" And a miner who was looking around on the ground to see if there were any nuggets there, said, "Up that way." So they went up that way until they came to Chinatown. Of course it wasn't so big as it was just before the earthquake, and there wern't so many tourists in it, because this was all in the early days yet; but even then it was a good big place, and Fan-Tan and Chop-Suey were glad they came.

And Fan-Tan said, "What are you going to do?"

And Chop-Suey said, "I am going to start a temple. What are you going to do?"

And she said, "You wait and see."

So Chop went one way to look around for a good place for his temple, and Fan went the other

way to look around for a good place for her idea. Chop was delighted with the prospect, because he looked all around and found that there would be a first-class opening for a temple, as there wern't any really good ones running yet, and the competition wouldn't be strong.

After he came to these conclusions he began to look around for Fan to tell her the good news, but he couldn't find her anywhere. He hunted all the rest of that day and part of the next, but to save his life he could not get any trace of her, and he got worried almost to death about her, because he didn't know what might have happened to her. She was only a defenseless woman in a big city. But next afternoon, as he was walking along the street wondering whether to commit suicide or not, he came to a door where there were a lot of people going in and out; when they went in they looked glad, but when they came out they looked sad. This made Chop-Suey curious that he went in to see what it was all about. His eyes bulged right out of his head when he got in, for there sat Fan-Tan in the middle of the floor with the funny looking cards about so wide and about so long, which she kept dealing out and maneuvering around, and a lot of Chinamen squatting around her grunting now and then; they paid her to let them do this, and she put the money away in her pocket. Chop stood in a corner and watched and watched, but

he couldn't make out at all what they were doing. So he waited till every one had gone home to supper, and then he said to Fan: "What are you doing?"

And she said: "I am doing the people."

And he said: "Huh!"

And she said: "I am running a card game. That big fat pig of a mandarin of a husband of mine used to make me play with him all the time, and then he would pull my hair when I beat him."

And Chop said: You must have changed the rules. Every one is giving you money instead of pulling your hair."

And she said: "Yes, I am making a lot of money."

And he said: "Lend me enough money to start a temple."

And Fan said: "I will do that. Only you must start the temple right next door, because it is very wicked for people to gamble, and then they will come to you and make a sacrifice to be forgiven, and pray for better luck next time."

And Chop said: "I will do that."

So she gave him a pocket full of money and he went out and bought some things and worked and worked until he got a fine temple fixed up. He made a god out of wood and things like that; he himself was only the high priest to take charge of the sacrifices and tell fortunes. Then he

started business, and pretty soon he had almost as many people in his place as Fan had in hers. They were both getting rich very fast.

But there was one thing that bothered him very much indeed. The people brought, among other things, so many roast pigs as an offering to the idol that he and Fan couldn't eat them all themselves, and he didn't know what to do with them to keep them from going to waste. So he went to Fan-Tan and asked her about it.

And she said: "We will start a restaurant."

And Chop jumped up in the air and kicked his heels together and said: "Oh, goody. That is the best idea I ever had, my sweet Fan-Tan."

And she said: "How much money have you got?"

And he said: "A barrel full. How much have you got?"

And she said: "Two barrels full; that makes three barrels. I think we have enough."

And he said: "Enough for what?"

"Enough to build a three-story building."

So they did build a three-story building and this is what they did with it:

Fan-Tan moved her cards up onto the top floor and made two more sets and taught three men how to run them. After that she didn't do any more work herself, but just took care of the money.

Also Chop-Suey moved his temple onto the

second floor and fixed it up more grandly than ever, and made two more idols and taught a man how to be a high priest. One idol was called the pig-sacrifice idol, another was called the money sacrifice idol, and the last was called the miscellaneous sacrifice idol. The high-priest had to see that the people obeyed the rules. After that Chop-Suey didn't do any more work in the temple himself, he stopped grinning like a fish, but he took charge of the restaurant.

They built the restaurant on the first floor. Now there were three chutes from the second floor down to the first, and when people left their pigs at the pig sacrifice idols feet all the high priest had to do was to pull a string and they went down the chute into the kitchen and kept the restaurant supplied with meat. When people asked Chop-Suey were he got so many fine pigs, for no other restaurant in town had such a reputation for fine pigs, he used to look dreamy and say: "Oh, I shoot them."

When they left their money at the money sacrifice idol's feet, it fell through a slot and went down the chute to the cash register, and kept it supplied with small change. This was an automatic chute, and the high priest didn't have to pull a string, because everybody knows that too many cashiers spoil the profits.

But some people were so poor that they could not afford to bring pigs or money, so they

brought anything they could spare, such as kittens and things. They could lay these at the feet of the miscellaneous sacrifice idol, and when the high priest pulled that string they tumbled down into a big pot in the kitchen, where they were all cooked up together. This was served as a special luxury, and people said it was delicious, and it became famous as "Chop-Suey's Special," and finally people just called it "chop-suey" for short.

I think that is about all of the History of Chop-Suey and Fan-Tan.

Phil

IT WAS at the close of a summer afternoon that I first saw Phil. She was walking alone against the red of the sunset, its glow gently tinging her white blouse, catching in dull red gleams in the dark masses of her hair. She passed swiftly by, not glancing to right or left, yet long after she was out of sight, I sat and watched the curve of the road beyond which she had vanished, to catch another glimpse of her slim figure. But it was deep twilight when she returned, a dim figure of misty white, and this time there was a heavier step at her side. I had been idly dreaming of the girl, and now, as I heard her clear laugh through the dusk, it had to me a hard, unhappy sound, as though she were sad and mocking herself for that sadness. But I laughed at the thought the next moment. My old maid fancies.

Yet one by one the gossips came back into my

mind and would not be put down; the volumes I had heard of the girl during the first week of my return to the village which had grown up around the big works, my native village where all the men were so busy and all the women so idle. "The preacher's mad gipsy" they called her, and at the name, the memory of her father stole up to me softly, the ruddy-cheeked boy minister of long ago, as boisterous and gay as a schoolboy, yet as gentle and as comforting as a nun. It hurt still after these twenty years to remember the day he left mysteriously and then came back with a young wife—and she was a gipsy.

They say she loved him—even the tongues which wagged as only village tongues can wag, admitted that there was a look almost of adoration on her coarsely beautiful face when she sat in a dim corner of the church and listened to his preaching. Yet when two years later he died, she left her child with deaf Molly, the minister's sister and went away, and what became of her after that, no one ever knew.

And this then was Phil, this slender, dark haired girl whom I had seen for a moment, yet that moment had quickened my roused interest into deep sympathy for the girl. For she was beautiful and very young. Truly she needed protection, I thought, as I heard the hushed voices of the two as they passed, against the thousand eyes which were ever watching her.

For she was still "the mad preacher's gipsy," and she walked all too often down to the river where big handsome Dave was superintending a new bridge, walking back with him in the twilight. Dave's father owned the iron works.

It was next morning that a shadow fell across my kitchen floor and I looked up to see Phil in the doorway. "I came to get acquainted," she said shyly. "For we are almost neighbors you see, and I knew you were alone." The voice was uncertain, even timid, and hearing it I could see the countless other doorways to which she had come in the same shy way, and from which she had turned away. So my greeting to her was more than simply cordial, yet as I took her hands in mine and smiled my welcome, I felt a little cold shiver. Hers was a pretty face, delicate featured, and with eyes downcast it had the peaceful, high bred look of her father, but the eyes, in spite of their wide childish gaze, were the wild, cunning eyes of a gipsy.

"Did they tell you about me?" she asked abruptly and like a child. "Oh I know they did. They watched me coming here this morning and now they are watching to see me come out again very soon—then they will laugh." She rose suddenly and came close to me, resting her hands on the kitchen table, her arms stiff. "Oh won't you let me stay here an hour before you look at me with hard eyes that tell me to go? I should

not have come, but Aunt Molly is deaf and I get so lonely. So I try all the new ones that come here, only they all know about me before I come and they send me away. And the old ones—" But here I had crossed to the girl and laid my hands on her shoulders, and at that her cheeks flushed and her eyes grew big with wonder, and she turned and went back to her chair silently. For a time she said nothing, then began to chat quietly about her life in the little cottage almost at the village edge, of deaf Molly and Bob, her wild saddle horse. All at once she paused, her eyes growing bright with shy laughter. "Did they tell you about Dave," she asked, "and did they say the mad gipsy had bewitched him? They call me mad because I walk in the woods alone when it rains, and because I talk to Bob when I ride through the streets. Then they say I am like my mother was, and they look as though that were the worst they could say. Couldn't one ever be anything worse than a gipsy?" And as I said nothing she went on dreamily, in a hushed, low voice. "But I am not always like her. I am like my father sometimes. I have never seen him, but I often am as I know he must have been. Oh I feel so for a whole week sometimes, till the children begin to smile at me on the streets, then all at once I forget, and I get on big Bob and fly through the streets and sing. Then I hear them all murmur 'mad gipsy' again,

and even the workmen's wives point at me to hush their children. At first I am happy and I laugh, but then I get lonely—" She stopped suddenly, as though ashamed for having spoken so freely, then rose to go. "May I come again? she asked, shy once more, and as I nodded smiling, she threw her arms about me impulsively. "There are so few things I love," she said, "only Bob, my horse, and Dave. And some day—" But here she laughed, broke off and skipped lightly down the steps. For a moment her scarlet sunbonnet flashed above the rose-bushes and then she was gone.

She came often after that, too often at times I thought, for in spite of the little glad feeling which was mine when I saw her at the door, her talks puzzled, often vexed and frightened me. "They don't want me to have Dave," she said to me one day. "His mother wears silk dresses and she frowns so when she meets me and pulls her skirt to one side to let me pass. Then she talks to Dave I think, because he is so cross sometimes, when we walk home from the river. But I will not lose him—oh no—only if they take him away. Then he will forget me, because he forgets everything. He wanted to marry the dressmaker's daughter two years ago before she went away. I asked him about her yesterday, because I wanted to tease him, but he looked as though he did not understand. Then I turned on him and

asked if he had forgotten Polly and he brought his eyebrows together, and then smiled. 'Of course I remember Polly,' he said, 'she was tall, wasn't she?' Then he talked about his new dog. He remembers what he sees, then laughs and whistles, and gets a new habit, and forgets everything that was before." Then suddenly the harshness died out of her voice, and she went on musingly, a very wistful Phil—"Well, I am a habit now I guess. Dave is used to seeing me every day and he calls me his wild-eyed beauty, and says he cannot live without me. But he is like a baby, and maybe they will send him away."

These, however, were Phil's more subdued moments. At other times she would dash up to my door, mounted on big wild Bob, and talk fiercely and incoherently as she did that day when the sky was black with heavy clouds and the yellow trees were shivering in the wind. "If I could only die," she said, her face quivering, "only I want to pay them back first. Oh I know now that I am only a gipsy, and each day I am getting wilder. Dave's mother smiled when she saw me today, she smiled and looked like a snake. They can't take him from me. Or do you think they will?" She left me gazing sadly after her, and my hope that some day the good tranquil part of her nature might subdue the wild heritage left her by her mother, grew ever less.

Yet the Sunday that she came to tell me they

had sent Dave away, I almost believed that the true good had conquered. She opened the door softly, letting in the half distinct sound of early church bells, and she remained standing in the doorway, pale and very, very calm, a sad little smile on her lips, holding me off when I tried to take her in my arms. Then as quietly as she had come she turned and went down the rose-bordered walk, and it was not till long afterward that I realized how hollow had been her voice. She did not stop in for nearly two months after that, yet seeing her walk past the gate at sunset, alone, I could have wept for gladness, for she ever seemed so quiet, and often the words she had spoken on her first visit would come into mind—"I am like my father sometimes."

Then after a time, the village that had been so strangely silent, began to whisper once more, very softly at first, then ever louder, until all knew that Dave had married in the city. "A white girl," the older gossips added meaningly. And still Phil walked tranquilly past the gate, not looking to right or left. Had he, too, been but a habit?

On the day of Dave's home-coming, I went up to see the cottage which the parents had so carefully planned for the two. It was just growing dusk when I left them happily waiting at the new gate, almost dark when I reached home and found the girl sitting on my porch, with eyes

closed, leaning against the post, her arms lying nervelessly along her white dress. She rose to go as I greeted her, and even in the twilight I saw a gleam in her gipsy eyes which made me shiver. "They just went by," she said, in a voice that was too calm. "I smiled at Dave and he started and flushed. He will find out that old habits come back sometimes." She laughed a hard, cold laugh as she turned to go.

"Phil!" I cried. "For heaven's sake Phil—" but she was already half way down the walk. She did not stop to open the gate, but like a young squirrel jumped lightly upon it and caught a branch of the overshadowing maple tree, swaying in jerky movements back and forth, laughing. "Mad gipsy," flashed through my mind. Suddenly she steadied herself, let go of the branch and stood an instant poised, with arms stretched far out, like a great white bird, then half turned her face to me and I fancied I saw the cruel gleam of her white teeth. "Mrs. Dave is white as a ghost, and thin, and has yellow hair," she called out exultingly, then dropped noiselessly, and vanished in the twilight.

Even now the months that followed seem years as I think back upon them. I was one of the first to call on Dave's wife, a few days after she came among us. Phil had been right—Mrs. Dave was not pretty, yet after a minute I amended the thought—she did not need to be. In the

thin, pale face, in the clear eyes, there was a something so calm and restful, such a world of sheltering sympathy and yet a look of such wistful appeal, that I felt suddenly queerly hushed, as though I had stepped within a dim, cool church. "You are tired," she said, as she pressed my hand, with her own so small and soft. "And oh how good, how very good you are to come. I want to know you all, for you are David's friends." And then she made me cozy in a big chair and drew up her own low rocker. She took my bonnet out of my hands and when I turned to watch her walk across the room I saw her softly pat the ruffled ribbons into place and brush the flecks of dust off the brim as she laid it down. Then she sat at my feet in her little chair and asked about myself, smiling with her eyes as she listened, laughing gaily when I smiled. The sun had been gone a long time when I remembered to go, and she walked out on the porch with me, dropping lightly on the broad steps. "To wait for David," she said with a shy smile, then took my hand once more. "You will come again," and there was no question in her voice.

Thus Mrs. Dave came among us, and the many tongued village, welcomed as I had been welcomed, first drew away astonished and perplexed that it had nothing to attack, then slowly came near and worshipped the little woman as easily as I had done. Then, just as easily it turned with

redoubled malice upon poor Phil, and for once I allowed the gossip to flow in my presence unchecked. For as naturally as Dave had taken up his work on the river once more, just so easily did Phil drop back into her evening walks with the man. Urged by his mother, Dave had been cross with her at first, had tried to speak to her in a straightforward way even, then had yielded to the pleasure of these walks with easy-going thoughtlessness. They say that the mother had gone to Dave's wife, but the latter had lifted her eyebrows with a smile and changed the subject.

As the weeks passed by, the voices of the man and girl used to startle me out of my twilight dreams every evening, yet in spite of my harsh thoughts I longed to have Phil drop into my kitchen again, to be able to sigh and worry over her once more. But she had come only once, dropping down on the old sofa, just within the circle of light from my dim light, wide-eyed and perplexed. She sat as though she did not see me, her face full of wonder, the full lips tremulous. "Oh, why couldn't I be like that?" she softly breathed, then hurried on breathlessly. "I walked home with Dave tonight and he scolded again, so I laughed because it hurt so. Then I told him I would walk clear up to his gate with him; I didn't care; I wanted his wife to see us. I talked in my loudest voice at the gate and I laughed and waved my hand to him when I turned

away. And then she came on the porch and she called out and asked if I wouldn't stop with her, then came down to the gate. Her hand is tiny and soft, but it made me shake; but she led me in and sat down in a low chair and talked, and all the time her eyes said, 'You poor thing,' though she smiled. Then she called out to Dave and told him she would have company to supper; but I was frightened when I heard him coming, and jumped up. She put her arm around me so quietly, and walked to the gate with me. And then, oh, how I wanted to come so close to her and tell her all, all! But I pushed her away and ran home; but half-way there I looked back and she was standing at the gate looking after me, so little and white, like an angel. No one ever talked to me like that; no one ever wanted me to stay longer." . . Here Phil had left me, and I dreamed on, picturing in my mind the half-hour between these two. I smiled a little as I rose to lock the door. Could it be that Mrs. Dave had conquered the mad gipsy as she had conquered us all?

I believed and still believe that Phil had meant to try. But nothing came of it, for she and Dave were together more and more. And one afternoon Phil came to say good-bye. "I am going away tonight," she said—"well, you might as well know, we are going away tonight." She waited for my exclamations, but none came, and she

glanced up, her white face full of uncertainty, masked by stubbornness. The eyes were burning, all the more mad because the features were so calm. "And Mrs. Dave?" I asked quietly. Phil looked away with a start. "Don't," she whispered. "I've tried to remember, and I don't care. She has everything and I want only him. If Dave wanted me badly, I would not go; but I want to show them that I can have him, even though he be not willing. He is a baby still, and today he minds me. Tomorrow,—but tomorrow it will all be over. Oh, I've tried to be like them, and they turn away. I've tried to be good and they laugh. And Dave,—when I talk to Dave, his eyes shine and he sees only me, and then I know I am good and true and beautiful. Oh, they will see what a mad gipsy can do, and let Mrs. Dave." . . But at the name the harsh voice broke off and went on tremulously: "If she had talked to me again I would go away alone or kill myself; but she"—she laughed uncertainly. "I've been careful not to talk to her again. Yet when I think of her white face and her little hands—but what's the use?" And when I had found voice to call to her she was on her big horse, galloping down the street, leaving me at the door, trembling.

It was a half-hour later that the workmen, coming home along the river bank, saw her riding madly very near the edge of the cliff where

it overhangs the river. They watched her idly enough, mad as ever they thought, till, without warning, they saw the horse half pause in its race, saw him wheel and rise high in the air, and then plunge headlong over the edge. When they reached her she was still breathing, and they took her to the nearest cottage and sent for me.

They say big Bob had been almost uncontrollable for days. The men that saw the fall swore that the girl struggled hard to quiet the horse; and in the face of these sane statements the fancies of an old maid seem very, very foolish.

When I came into the room where she lay I found Mrs. Dave already near her. Phil's eyes were closed, yet she smiled faintly when the little woman whispered that I had come. There was nothing to do now, nothing except to stand and watch the pale face, so sweet and childish and helpless now, so calm and undisturbed, and very much like the father's must have been in death.

Then I saw Mrs. Dave bend over the girl. "David is in the next room," she said. "Do you want him now?" And as I half turned, with my hand on the knob I saw the slight shake of the head on the pillow, and in the silence of the death-stilled room caught the faint whisper, "Only you."

Christina Krysto.

The Record Quarter

ON HIS way to Suburbia, Denman wondered at himself, and was of the opinion that he would wait at the station for the next train back to the city. He had not been in the college town for years, and this meet that Owen seemed to think would make an epoch in civilization would be so like the other meets that Denman had seen by dozens, that it bored him even to think about it. Ten years back, he had seen his last field day, and had left before the Relay to telephone about an important deal that had occurred to him as he dozed through the Mile Walk. Owen said there wasn't any Mile Walk now. That was sensible. Denman had never seen the beauty of that dislocating pastime, even in the old days, when a field day, a sore throat from shouting, and a bad headache from excitement always came together.

Curiously enough, it had been Owen that made him stop shouting, and yawn through the races.

Big, athletic Denman, a well set-up man at forty, wondered even yet over Owen. That puny lad, with weak eyes and a cough that was always hurrying him South and grudgingly letting him back again for brief weeks, was Denman's son in everything but likeness. The big man never looked at the boy without anger, disappointment and pity all surging up in him at once. Where did the lad get his pale looks and his confounded bookishness? Oh, well, of course, Denman was glad the boy got his lessons and all that. He was glad Heaven had not seen fit to make his son a dunce. But it did take the heart out of a man to see at his own table, day after day, a human being that took more interest in Ovid than in League games. Would he ever forget the night when Owen, looking tensely through his near-sighted reading glasses that he had forgotten to exchange for his farsighted distance glasses, on coming to the table, had given his learned comparative analysis of Cicero and Plato!

"And I am forced," concluded Owen, with a shake of his pale locks, "I am forced to condemn the Roman as a mere belle-lettristic trifler."

Harvey Denman laid down his napkin and stared. The profanity that he felt welling within him he checked in deference to Rose at the other end of the table. But he could have been grateful for some sort of a seizure that would have made him foam at the mouth and throw dinner

plates. Instead, he looked fixedly at Owen, who engaged nearsightedly with his food.

"How old are you?" he heard himself demand of his erudite progeny.

"I have entered upon my sixteenth year," replied the boy.

That was the year in which Owen had entered Suburbia, and had thereby fixed his father's distaste for the place, that had been growing for the past years. When Owen was little, and there was still hope that he might straighten up, his father had taken him to football and track games, and had felt the waves of his own enthusiasm beat with futile uproar against his son's inexplicable temperament. Owen could sit still through the Relay, or ask to be taken home when the ball was shivering on the goal mark. Denman gave up at last, and swallowed his cherished hope that his son might some day be glad to hear of his father's prowess in college days. He hadn't cared inordinately for his athletic fame, but the thought of an interested son had always lain pleasantly dormant in his heart. Now he shut the thought in with a snap, and went to no more field days.

He saw as little as possible of Owen, and at the time of the memorable speech on Cicero, this dinner had been an occasion when Denman was making a signal effort to pull himself together and understand his son. After this failure, he

agreed with Rose that the boy had better board in Suburbia, and not waste his time traveling back and forth to the city. He saw Owen half a dozen times that year, and let him go off to the mountains for three months that summer. He was enormously busy with things that counted on his bank account, and let Owen slip from his mind as much as possible, until one September when Rose reminded him that the boy was a junior.

"Is he?" asked Denman, absently.

"And I think the professors think highly of him," his wife pursued.

"Pah!" Denman grunted, with Cicero still in his mind. Still, of course, he was glad the child did well.

"I've not seen him since his hunting trip. What put it into his head to go hunting?"

It appeared that some boys had put it into his head. And he had come back looking brown and feeling unusually well. Even his eyes were getting stronger, and the distance glasses were put aside. Denman was gratified. After all, Owen might become human.

He was not only gratified, but astonished, to learn that Owen took his mother to the football game. He had refused, himself, to be of the party. He couldn't forget those dreary little-boy days, when Owen recited Latin verbs, while the ball, with twenty-two giants clutching after it,

gamboled back and forth between the goals, and the grandstand shouted. The last time he had taken his son, Owen had told him a great many things, on the way home, about Roman games. There was the game of Pila—he should never again risk hearing about the game of Pila. But this year, Owen took his mother, and she recounted her experience with some eagerness. Owen had been interested, had explained things to her.

"Did he talk about the game of Pila?" queried Denman, in grim tones.

"Pila?" his wife wondered. "What do you mean?"

In his office, one day in the spring, Denman had been interrupted at his busiest moment by a long-distance call. Suburbia wanted him. He had time to wonder who the dickens in Suburbia had any business with him, when he heard Owen's voice at the other end of the wire. He had forgotten his son.

"What's the matter?" he asked, rather anxiously. The cough had probably reappeared. After these years of release, that would be——

"Hello!" sounded Owen's voice again.

"Hello! Hello!" impatiently from Denman.

"Can't you get out here tomorrow?"

"Out where? Suburbia? Are you sick again?"

"No. There's going to be a field day that——"

"A what? Oh, field—no, I'm too busy."

"Oh, but father!" The voice over the wire was agitated. "It's going to be a corker of a field day, and you used to come!"

"Going to be what kind of a field day?"

"A cork—— I mean a most interesting field day."

"Did you say 'corker'?" interrupted Denman.

"I suppose I did."

"I'll be there." Denman hung up the receiver, rubbed his fingers through his hair, and got up from his desk to walk about the room. Owen, his boy, he of Cicero, the Roman games, glasses nearsighted and farsighted, and a profound interest in archæology, had said "corker." Denman felt exuberant for the rest of the day.

His exuberance got him on the train the next morning, and out to Suburbia, wondering at himself, yet not taking the next train back to the city. Instead, he looked around for Owen at the station, and, not seeing him there, walked up to the Campus, past the Toggery, and the Dashery, and the College Bakery, and the Students' Barber Shop, and the other pertinent signs of the town merchants. Under the oaks of the Campus, Denman began to have small pulsings of a feeling he had forgotten. The old trees had not changed. And the slope of the hill down from the gym was still tracked by spiked feet. There they came now, the little army of boys in their white

running trunks and their sweaters. They were going down to the track, beyond the laurel hedge. Denman quickened his step. He used to come out of that old gym in white trunks and a sweater. By George! He'd like to get the things on again, and have a go with the boys. If only Owen—his face clouded. Lock the thought in as he might, forget it, stay away from the place till he died, still the thought was there. The boy had been a disappointment to him.

He got a program from the usher, and picked his way around the oval to the seat he wanted. There it was empty, as if waiting for him. Just opposite the finish, with his back to the sun, he settled himself, and began to open out his program. He was a little curious about one thing. Just then, a voice beside him spoke plaintively:

"Oh, I wish we had programs!" Denman looked up. She had not spoken to him. She was looking anxiously for an usher, and beating her lip with nervous fingers. She was a pretty little girl of sixteen, in just the sort of new frock that the girls used to have on for the spring field days. Denman looked at his paper with regret.

"Won't you use mine?" he said, gallantly. The girl looked at him and blushed—very becomingly, as Denman thought.

"Oh——" she hesitated. "You are very good."

She glanced up the line of her girl companions to where her chaperon sat.

"I think I might—I *do* want one terribly!"

Denman found her struggle amusing. She was so young and pretty, and anxious not to accept attentions from strange men, and probably quite incapable of using a program after she got it!

"Do take it," he urged, in his oldest and most fatherly voice. She looked at him again, and he, remembering that the hair about his ears was decidedly grayish, held out the program confidently. She took it and smiled at him.

"I do want one so particularly, and the usher passed us by. This is to be a most interesting field day." Some way, the phrase reminded him of Owen.

"What is to happen?" he asked. The girl's embarrassment left her, and she gave him the serious attention of a connoisseur.

"In the first place," she explained, "the weather is just right—warm and good for records. Then, it's the Inter-collegiate, and there are some unusually strong men from down the Bay—Hargreave and Thom in the hurdles, and that big hammer thrower—oh, yes, Murchison. *Then,* my brother Billy thinks he'll break his own broad jump record. He's been doing it right along in practice, and we're all counting on him."

Denman felt a sharp pang.

"Is he on the oval?" he asked. There was a company of Greeks in bathrobes and blankets squatted picturesquely in the middle of the grass plot, while industrious newspaper men photographed the stars.

"No, there he is now, coming in at the gate. Isn't he splendid?"

Denman saw a tall young fellow, with a good head and a very noisily striped blanket, striding down the track, his stride shifting his draperies occasionally, to show a considerable length of white leg. He was a fine-looking boy, and Denman felt another pang.

"He carries himself well," he said. "You ought to be proud of him. So he's a broad jumper?"

"He's *the* broad jumper," corrected the girl, with a mingling of pride and mischief. "There can't anyone around here touch him." Denman understood her feeling. He could remember the time when he was prouder of one track performance of his own than he would have been over a diplomatic triumph. He looked rather sadly at the field. It was gay with college colors, women's gowns, the joy of sunshine and green dance of foliage. The athletes were trailing their robes about the grass. A few men were warming up by a run about the oval. The rooters were giving the yell for this or that favorite. Everyone laughed, talked and lived in this scene—everyone

but Denman. He thought of Owen, and how proud he might be if Owen could care for all this. He wondered what had moved Owen to ask him over, and where the boy might be in this crowd. The girl at his side chattered with her friends, and Denman was moved to steal a look at the program she held, to seek the other name of her Billy. He found him among the broad jumpers—William Milvern, Jr. Well! So that was Billy Milvern's son. Denman set his lips tightly. When he next met the gaze of Billy Milvern's sister, he smiled.

"I think I know your father," he said. "He was a senior when I entered here. I've never quite lost my awe of him." The girl blushed and dimpled.

"If you know my father," she said, "I think I shall tell you a secret. I simply must talk about it to some one, and I've promised not to tell the girls. A man who knows my father, though, ought to be a good confidant." She laughed as she pointed to another place in her program.

"This," she said mysteriously, "is the sensation of the day." Denman followed her finger. It was at the quarter mile. It had been his race, and when he sat down here, he had been about to gratify an idle curiosity. Well, well! It was still his. He felt a queer glow of pleasure. He had supposed some youngster had lowered that by now. For some ten years he had kept

track, but of late he hadn't cared. He wouldn't have cared now, had he lost the record—yet he was a little pleased. The girl was explaining something.

"You see that record? Well, just notice that it was made 'way back in the eighties." Her eyes were round and serious. It had been two or three years before she was born.

"Of course it has been broken at Mott Haven and some of the big Eastern universities; but it has stood as the Suburbia record for all these years." Denman's heart throbbed with a little sense of gratified pride, then of anger. This little girl could care, when his own son—she interrupted him.

"But it's to be broken today."

"You don't say so!" He was really interested.

"And by the darkest kind of a dark horse. It's the most interesting story you ever heard."

"Tell me," begged Denman. If his colors were to be lowered, he wanted all the interesting part included.

"You see," she went on, "he's my brother's chum, this young man. Denman is his name—Mr. Denman."

"Oh, indeed!" Again he was really interested; but she broke off.

"Oh!" she cried. "They're getting ready for the first heat of the hundred." Denman looked. There were four bent over the mark, and the

starter's pistol was up. A sudden gulf of silence swallowed up the crowd's murmur, and the pistol cracked. The hundred is a brief agony, and Billy Milvern's sister had time for only one little gasp before it was over. She shook her head.

"No record there," she commented. Denman's nerves were still tingling. He had yelled like an idiot schoolboy at the finish. He had his pencil in his hand, and offered to write down the time when it should be announced. But she begged:

"Please let me. I love to keep score." Unusual being! He looked at her in some amazement. Then he remembered her story.

Tell me about this sensation," he asked.

"Oh yes. Well, it's really pathetic. You see, he isn't strong—that is, he hasn't been. And he has always cared so." Her wide-open eyes sought his with a look of sympathy, that he could answer only by astonishment. Had Owen cared? He leaned forward a little in his interest. The girl went on.

"You see, his father is perfectly wonderful—at least, Owen says so. He admires him more than anything, because he's big and strong, and you always feel as if he could do anything, and be a real king of men."

Denman stared. "Do you know his father?" he asked.

"I suppose I don't," she laughed. "But Owen has talked so much that I feel as if I did. You see, his father has been bitterly disappointed in Owen, and it has been too bad all around."

So Owen had understood!

"When he was just a little boy, he couldn't do anything the other boys did, and he was always sick, and kept being different from boys. And he knew he was different, but he couldn't help it. And he knew it hurt his father's feelings just to look at him, or have him around."

Denman was digging fiercely with his cane in the ground at his feet. The second heat of the hundred came off, and the announcer said it was done in ten flat. The crowd roared, and the girl at his side screamed in ecstasy. But Denman did not hear. He was thinking.

"I don't suppose your friend's father meant to have him know," he suggested.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed. "But he did know. And he used to cry at night like a silly girl. He had nerves—and he used to wish he could die. He had to go away from home to try to get well, and he used to hope he wouldn't get well." Her eyes were wide again with sympathy. Denman wanted to groan.

"He used to wish he could be stupid, because most of the boys he knew were stupid. But he couldn't be anything he wanted to be."

"Poor chap!" said Denman.

Then they had no more talk for some time. The hurdles were set up and the two-twenty run. Denman looked at them all absently. Suddenly the girl turned to him.

"There he is now. The yellow-haired one, standing up." She was pointing out Owen to him. Denman gazed. The boy had straightened up. "What made him go in for the track?" he asked.

"He came to college, and heard about this." She pointed to the old record. "His father hadn't ever told him. But all the men here talked about it, and wondered if it would stand this year, and who would break it. Some said it would never be broken till we had a straightaway. And Owen made up his mind that if anyone did it, he would."

Denman felt a surprising glow of pleasure. "Good boy!" he ejaculated.

"He was getting stronger, anyway, and the doctors said he would outgrow his cough and things. But you ought to have seen him try!"

"How do you know all this?" Denman queried.

"He's Billy's chum, you know—and, then, he has told me things. Billy says there isn't a man on the Campus in as fit condition as Owen. He hasn't just run on the track like the rest. He's regularly trained himself in the gym, and everywhere. And nobody guesses it. Everyone thinks

Jacks will win the quarter. But Billy says—oh!"

Denman followed her glance, and caught his breath. They were lining up for the quarter—his race. And there was Owen, fair haired, slim, his white trunks fluttering in the wind, the numbered tag on his shoulder waving.

"He's Five," whispered the girl.

Denman nodded. He was scanning his son with a critical eye. Owen looked his training, and every fibre of Denman's big body quivered with pride in him.

"I hope he does it," he had time to say, before the boys got on their marks. Owen had the inside. The starter's arm went up, and Denman felt the old sickening heart-beat of expectation. He could hear the familiar: "Ready, set"—and the pistol shot. How well Five got away from his mark. He had the lead from the first stride. "And what a gait he has on him!" Denman almost shrieked. The long, hard sprint would take every ounce of grit the boy had.

"Keep it up, there! Good boy, Denman!" The man was half beside himself. Billy Milvern's sister was begging, "Run! Run! Run!" The crowd was shouting, "Go it, Tony! Go it, Jacks!" But as the widening gap appeared between the dark horse and the others, there was a deafening roar of, "Denman, Denman!"

The older Denman leaned out over the railing,

and swung his hat. He was running this race. Every stride the boy took was his.

"Good boy, Denman! Good boy, Denman!" he shouted. Owen ran against the tape a yard ahead of the second man.

"Oh! Oh!" screamed Billy Milvern's sister. "He *won* it. I told you so. He won it. He's broken it. I know he has." She had twisted her program into a string. Denman sat down shakily. He could remember the day he did it in fifty-two. That was in the eighties, and it had stood ever since. If only Owen had done it. The announcer's megaphone was turning their way.

"Quarter mile won by Denman, '05, time fifty-one and three-fifths. This breaks the Suburbia record, held since"—the crowd drowned the rest. Billy Milvern's sister, wringing her hands for joy, saw the elderly gentleman who knew her father leap from his seat, clear the railing and race across the oval. He made his way through the press of boys that wanted to shake Owen's hand, and of reporters who wanted to photograph him. The two confronted each other, the man tall, broad-shouldered, grizzled; the boy slight, yellow-haired, breathing hard from his race. The older man gripped his hand.

"You young scoundrel!" he said, not altogether easily—there was something unusual in his throat. "If you had to steal your father's

laurels, you couldn't have done it in better form!" He wrung the boy's hand, and the two let a good many years slip from between them as they looked at each other.

Then the word went around that this was Denman's father, and the rooters yelled out their excitement in shouting for the two, with Billy Milvern's sister shrieking an astonished treble in their wake.

"Values"

"All I could never be
All, men ignored in me
This I was worth—"
—*Browning.*

ON the sagging gray porch behind the feathery green of the hop-vine, the boy sat in the low old cane-bottomed rocker. His feet pressed gently against the rickety railing of the porch and the rocker hitched spasmodically back and forth on the warped, uneven floor-boards. Far across to the sunlit crest of the opposite mountain ridge his dark clear gaze lifted dreamily, strangely soft and wonder-seeing, above the tight curve of his mouth. Across and up to the gilded tree-tops against the blue sky, he sat there looking for a long time, then slowly his gaze dropped to the darker wooded mountainside, then down to the silver willowed creek land at its base and the

long stretch of cool green pasture with the wandering cattle knee-deep in the grass-covered marsh.

"Tuesday—that'll be time enough, won't it?" The rasping, tuneless voice brought his brows together quickly over eyes that fell now on the narrow mountain road and the sagging gate below its overgrown arch of rough old Castilian rose-vines. Mrs. Gordon pushed back a little her broad-brimmed straw hat from her gray temples and set down the great round cloth bundle on the path beside her. "Yu see," she went on, in her peculiarly grating half-whisper, "it's only three days before Robby goes away now—goes away down to college, yu know—and o' course there's a million things yet to do for him—all the little things yu know—at the last minute—cause o' course I wouldn't want him to get down there to school and have to feel ashamed like."

The boy, a little cynical gleam brightening the dull tightness of his lips, watched through the hop-vine frame the visitor in the old buggy draw up the reins a little impatiently, one slender gloved hand on the top support. His mother laid her hand, large and coarse-fingered on the visitor's. "Yu ain't goin' yet?" she pleaded in her rasping half-whisper. "An' I ain't shown yu any o' my flowers yet." She broke a rose from the overgrown bush beside the gate, stripping gently from the short straight stem the red

thorns. "These ain't so beautiful as what yu get down there to the city," she said, as she laid it on the visitor's duster-covered unresponsive lap," "but they're the sweetest smellin' rose there is. They—"—her harsh voice dropped gratingly lower—"they was my little gal's fav'rite flower—her name was Rose—I always liked that name." The visitor moved a little uneasily. Old M'is. Gordon had been "strange-like," they told her in the mountains, since she had lost the last little girl. The visitor had never had any children to lose.

Around the bend in the road, between the green pasture and the old orchard came slowly a girl on horseback, her brown hair curling softly on the bare, bent head. Robby watched her from the hop-covered porch, and the dull apathy that had settled on his thin brown face lifted for a moment. Then he saw her straighten in her saddle as she caught sight of the woman at the gate and draw the reins tight. He had risen quickly and stood by the hop-wreathed post of the porch, and the shut of his lips was very bitter as she galloped past. But when she reached the pine-hill road beyond she turned in her saddle. The slanting sunlight rays fell on her brown curly hair there, and Robby saw as in a dream her smile—such a dainty, pretty smile—and the little wave of a gauntleted hand—and then he smiled in answer and held one hand high above his head.

"VALUES"

The boy sat slowly down again in the old cane-bottomed rocker. He had been sitting there on the hop-covered porch, as now, that long-ago evening, twisting slowly a dirty rag into the hole of his ramrod, watching the sunset gilding on the mountain ridge opposite narrow higher and higher up the pine depths and finally leave the mountain dark and hazily green. He had been telling himself contemptuously that they could not know—those mountain people, who hated his father and pitied his mother and thought him queer when they thought at all about him, and who had kept so unflinchingly what he had always taken for granted rather than really minded—the censure passed in spite of the acquittal, on old Gordon years before for the killing. The dream of the vaguely wonderful future had been in his eyes as he had laid the gun against his knee, the time after the far-off school that his mother talked of always when he would do great things in the city and would come back—perhaps—just to show himself to them as he should be. Then the girl had come. She had tied her horse to the gatepost and the mare had flecked at the rose bush tendrils with her upper lip, then reached through the fence stakes for the straggling sweet pea vines. He had watched his mother, her wet hands folded in her apron, her sagging skirt flapping against the old shoes with the holes in the sides, go out to meet her as she had opened

the gate. It was the girl from the cottage up the valley, the "green house" they called it in the mountains, with its porch where white ladies sat and sewed and chatted all the long summer. Robby Gordon had gone up alone once before they came and had tried to look through the boarded windows. He had passed again, and the girl had been wandering along the sunny stretch of road below the house. She had smiled at him on his big horse, such a dainty, pretty smile—and he—he had hit Captain sharply with the ends of the bridle reins and galloped off in the dust. Then he had watched her in her riding skirt and white waist, with her curly, flying hair, stand there and talk to his mother. It was then that the hot, ashamed something had choked within him for the first time. He had listened to his mother tell her about all the things that the mountaineers knew and despised—about his father and how he had killed a man once long before—"shot him in the back as he sat there on the fence below the corral. It was over property, my dear," she had said in that half-sane whisperingly confidential way. Robby remembered how the girl had shrunk back a little against the coarse green of the rose-bushes. "And to this day Charlie Gordon's afraid to go over there at night by the woods behind the corral." He had half started up, then sat down again, hoping that perhaps the girl had not seen him through the hop-

vine. She had spoken then hesitatingly of the washing. Robby had held his gun barrel coldly against his face, behind the hop-vine, he did not know why. But Mrs. Gordon had answered briskly, her bright gray eyes on the girl's face: "Why, surely I'll be glad to help your mother out—just to help her out, mind yu—and then, too, I'll tell yu—yu know it won't be so very long before Robby there will be goin' away to school—Robby's so bright, yu know—and there'll always be little extrys that he needs—yu know how it is yourself, don't you, goin' to school? His father there, he don't understand that—Charlie Gordon don't. It's strange, seein' how educated and all his family was always—but Charlie, he don't think it's necessary. He says to send Robby to ol' Perfessor Badger down here to the mill once a week, now he's finished the grades. But I won't have it. 'Robby,' I always says, 'has got worth as yu might say, and he's goin' to go to school.'" The boy had scraped his heavy boot uneasily along the porch, and the 30-30 had fallen to the floor. The girl had looked up, her curly hair about her flushed face, frightened a little at the strange, almost incoherent, outburst. "Only one thing," Mrs. Gordon had caught her arm and Robby had noticed how she shrank as the knotted dirty fingers closed around her dainty white sleeve. "One thing I insist on—I'm not a washerwoman—nor a laundress—yu won't call

me that? I'm just doin' it to help yu out—an' 'cause Robby's soon goin' away to school. I always say to Robby, 'Hold up yure head an' yu'll be ez good ez anybody, especially'—her voice lowered even more, and the girl shrank away from the dark, coarse-featured face as it bent confidentially near her, "now that he's goin' away to school. They won't know nothing there about things, except that he's a 'Gordon of Gordon Springs'—we had springs here once, yu know." She had raised her head proudly, with its iron-gray hair under the broad-brimmed calico-lined hat, and had picked a fragrant Castilian rose, coarsened a little in its full bloom, for the girl. The girl had brushed it softly across her lips, Robby remembered, and he had sat there, his face still red under the brown, and his eyes vaguely, wonderingly ashamed, watching the girl ride bare-headed down the mountain road, and his mother stand by the gate, one hand on her faded gingham-covered hip.

The boy looked through the hop-vine lattice at the white road, stretching dustily around the bend, with the rugged old orchard trees drooping low to the untilled ground and the mountains dark and thickly wooded behind. Often, after the shame heat had come that first time, he had tramped through the pine forest there in the early morning, when the deer tracks were fresh, and had held his gun barrel close to his thin brown

cheek as he had tried hurtingly to reason it all out. Afar to the end of the valley stretched the sunlit top of the opposite ridge to the gray chaparral peak, feathered here and there with a meagre wind-swept digger-pine. He could distinguish faintly in the evening sunlight the red rock trail that slashed across it and over to Lakeport. He remembered the long rides from school there over the red trail at the week ends, across the ridges of chaparral and scrub-oak and greasewood—somehow fragrant in the coming night with the hint of the blazing day that had been. Sometimes at first he had ridden back proudly, his thin brown chin high and his lithe body tense with the conscious power that had made him forget for the week the hot shame and growing bitterness. He had held one brown hand on the pocket with the report in it, and in his brown eyes, behind the vision of the home-coming, with the strange old woman mother, her keen gray eyes shining deep and proud under the rose-vine at the gate, and the surly half-smile from the father's heavy sparsely bearded face, as he would come sullenly from the chores. There had been wonder dreams as of old. But they had all known about everything in Lakeport, and the mountain village remembers longer and far less generously even than the mountaineers. After that the rides over the red trail, like the long week before, had

just been dully bitter, until the galling brooding seemed so hopelessly all in life that could be.

Mrs. Gordon's harsh whisper came up from the rose gate, flushing suddenly away the cynical apathy in the brown set face. "Robby'll be gone, yu know by next week. It'll be lonesome-like without him—and yet it's what I've been workin' for all these years—even let you city folks call me wash-woman." She dropped her rasping voice confidentially. "Robby'll be great one o' these days—gov'nor or judge or somebody, like the old Gordons and my family, too, was. 'Aim high,' I always says to Robby, 'an' you mayn't be gov'nor but yu'll be more 'n if you just set still.' Robby—" but the visitor had jerked the reins impatiently, and the buggy rolled along the uneven road, out of sight around the bend.

The last night they sat in the old parlor—"in honor of Robby's goin' away to sech fine other parlors," Mrs. Gordon said—with the stained papered walls, covered with family crayons and the three wild-cat skins the boy had gotten when he had just learned to hunt. Charlie Gordon sat for a while in the kitchen just beyond, in his own chair by the bare, clean table; then he rose and stood for a moment in the doorway, his burly form in its black shirt and overalls dark against the yellow lamplight of the kitchen. His wife sat mending by the old marble-topped table, with its white-shaded tarnished lamp, and Robby

lay on the old tidy-covered sofa. "Ain't yu pretty near thru'." The man's gruff voice held such an evident attempt to join in the meagre little family life there in the shabby room that the woman looked up surprised. There was seldom a word spoken between the three—the man in his great, surly loneliness, with his small blue eyes and thin yellowed beard, the woman with her gray sharp eyes and strong, rather florid, features and a color in her cheeks that even the mountain sun had not faded into yellowness, and the boy, dark and tall and thin, with his eyes that dreamed wonder things at moments and at others rested apathetic above the cynical line of his mouth. "Of course not," she answered sharply. Then her voice softened. "Yu might ez well set down. This is the last time Robby'll be here before he's the gov'nor or somethin'. He'll be somebody worth lookin' up to down there in college, Robby Gordon will!"

All the woman's dreams and his of the old times had come back with the eagerness that came to the boy with the departure time. The cows had come to the corral gate in the early morning and stood there by the fence as the stage drove up. Unheeding, Mrs. Gordon had lifted the queer little old trunk through the gate, pushing aside her husband's unaccustomed help. Then she stood by the rose arch, rolling in her square, short fingers the red buds that she tore from the

old bush. The boy had glanced only half-seeing at the little old gray shanty with the hop-covered porch backed up against the pine mountain, down at his father standing sullenly back a little, and then at the square, ungainly woman's figure far below the high seat on the stage's dusty top, and then had not heard the last husky, "Good-bye, Robby," for his eyes were far ahead on the winding, white, dusty road that led far down the mountains.

The college campus was brown against the low brown hills when the mountain boy first came. He walked slowly for the first time up the broad acacia-lined path and held his head very high above his celluloid collar and scanty blue serge suit. The great hurrying crowds were all new and strange, merry in friendly greeting and vibrant fairly with the pulse of the coming year of work and play. It seemed so full and big, a new world, so complete in its self-sufficiency—that impressed him even then. He was not yet of it—he had stood aloof thus in the mountain school-yard—but now he held his head high as he watched the throng. They did not know of him and the unfaltering mountain stigma—nor did they care—and he was glad for the moment of loneliness that seemed to him to hold forth so much. In his bare-walled, third floor room, the light from the western gable window softening a little the gray plastered corners, he laid on the

table the books he had bought. Through the other square pane he looked far across the housetops to the red clock-tower in the college library, dimly burnished in the sunset, to the eucalyptus trees beyond and the bare brown hill with its great gold C clearly outlined against the blue sky. Then he smoothed his brown parted hair before the little mirror, rubbed with his handkerchief a speck from the celluloid collar and drew a long, strangely happy breath. At the boarding-house table that night they talked of many things and many people—the last student body election and the new athletic president, of the college papers and their editors and finances, of the dances soon to come, and the prettiest girls in the Freshman class. Robert Gordon sat at one corner of the long table and listened with eyes that shone bright in his thin brown face. Then he sat on the bed in his low-eaved room and told over to himself, reverently almost, as one might a rosary, every face and smile and word of the day."

It was a warm, clear August morning, the day of the Freshman rally, and the Golden Gate was blue and Tamalpais boldly outlined from the Library steps. The cards tacked up about the campus said, "Freshie, get wood!" and with the new thrill of fellowship the term gave, he had started out in the morning. He was at the door when the first letter came from the mountains,

and with a little tightening of his lips and squaring of his shoulders he thrust the envelope into his pocket. Sometimes it was hard to forget things so determinedly as he had done during those two weeks. But in the vibrant clearness of the night, there in the great stone amphitheatre, with the long "oskis" and songs re-echoing from the hills behind and the bonfire hotly bright in the center, the applauded words of the coatless speakers on the box below and the great dark crowds above, the big, self-sufficient college world belonged to him again, and he yelled very loud with the rest. It was as they were all filing out of the gates in the coiling serpentine past the waiting crowds that he saw the girl's face, delicately pretty under the great plumed hat, as it had been beneath the sunbonnet in the mountains. She did not see him, but he dreamed vaguely of the face that night.

The next morning he read the letter from home —a meagre, misspelled letter that was like, somehow, the monotonously rasping whisper of his mother's voice. She was lonesome, she said, and sick, and his father was as sullen as ever. One of the cows had died the night before, because she had not been able, and Charlie Gordon had been afraid to go out to the corral to it in the night. A little strange wave of pity for the old woman back there in the mountains came to him as he read. Then his mouth tightened with the old

bitterness, and he went slowly down stairs and out into the elm-lined street. He failed in course after course that day, and felt for the first time in the passing throngs up the acacia-lined path between hours, the old hurting aloofness. How foolish it had been for him to think he could belong to it all, to ever dare think that some time he might be able to help and to be worth while in the so-big world, college or after. In the old-time bitterness he recalled the loneliness of the past weeks, the emptiness of the hand-clasps and passing smiles that he had exaggerated into fellowship, and his face flushed at his own presumption in so construing them up there in the evenings in the gray low-eaved room.

One day he overheard the boys at his table speak slangily of "rough-necks," and he did not know why, his own face flushed at the words. Another time he heard a laughing remark from the group of girls in the corner of the sitting-room after dinner, and he turned angrily, dumbly, to the door, trying to seem as if he had not heard. The next morning he spent his last quarter for two collars that were not celluloid. He did his work dully, and felt vaguely that he was getting far behind the others, and then one day the boss in the bookstore where he worked told him that he would not need him again. "Why don't you smile sometimes?" the man said, as he dismissed him. "You'll get a job quicker if you do."

The boy glanced a little contemptuously down at the jovial man before him, then went out into the street. To him came, as it had of late, a wild longing for the mountains and the pine forests and the chaparral. Then, as he walked along the busy main street, he saw the girl coming. Her face was daintily, rosily pretty as ever above her furs and she talked quickly to the tall man—the Student Body president it was—beside her. She had a rose that she held to her lips, as she had that old Castilian one from the arch over the gate. With his hand to his hat he looked straight at her as they passed. "Who was that fellow who stared so?" he heard the president ask. "I'm sure I don't know," the girl laughed, the rose still pressed softly to her parted lips.

The telegram came the next morning. Charlie Gordon must have ridden most of the night to Lakeport to send it. Somehow the boy thought of that most as he packed the old trunk in the corner of the gray-walled room, and then, during the long ride on the train, and then on far into the night, silently beside the stage driver. And the other memory that came to him was of his mother, standing with her hands folded in her apron, her old straw hat pushed back from her broad forehead, and piercing gray eyes. "Aim high, as I always says to Robby—yu know Robby'll be somebody worth while."

At the old gate with the rose bush over it,

Charlie Gordon came out to meet him. "I'll carry that in fer yu," he said, and led the way into the cluttered little old parlor. The strange, indefinable something that hovers over all the homeliest places and people when death has come near seemed very real there.

It was not until after the funeral that they spoke of the dead. They were walking slowly up the mountain road in the evening. "I s'pose you'll go back," the man said; "the last thing she said was about you and how fine you must be doin' down there to college. 'He'll aim high,' she said, 'Robby will, an' he'll be worth somethin'!"

The boy looked out to the mountain tops at the end of the valley, hazy blue in the distance. "I guess I haven't been worth much to any but her," he said, but there was no bitterness in his voice; "but maybe that counts more than it would to other people. College is good down there—if I went back I'd make up considerable for lost time." He paused a little wistfully. Then he raised his head high and looked straight at his father. "But there's the range here, and the cattle, and the name. I think I'll make myself worth while here," he said.

Marguerite Ogden.

All In the Play

SPRIGGS MAKES HIS BOW TO THE BEST SOCIETY

WE thought of having amateur theatricals because of Dolly Appleton's Mrs. Maguire. She needed clothes and things for the winter. Dolly? The idea of Dolly needing anything—with her allowance! No it was Mrs. Maguire—coal and everything like that; and we thought it would be splendid to give an entertainment and get them for her with the profits.

So Dolly had some of the dearest tickets made, all frosted with artificial snow—because we decided to have it New Year's Eve. Oh, Dolly's executive—she gets that from her blood. You know she's the youngest vice-president the Daughters of the Ancient Dames ever had. So she went ahead with the arrangements. George Rockwell helped her, and they asked the rest of us to take part.

But the trouble was we didn't have anything to

play, and we met several times and couldn't decide. Abigail Havens (she's from Pittsfield) suggested Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works, and Billy Fillston wanted something with a musical sextette and coon songs in it. But Dolly wanted a play with a love story (because, of course, she and George were to play leading parts). So everybody argued and argued, and all the time the date was getting nearer and nearer, and all the tickets sold, too!

Finally George hit on a splendid plan. He knew of a person, he said, that could give us just what we wanted. His name was Spriggs, and George had known him at college. It seems that he was in New York trying to sell a play he had written and George had met him accidentally on the street. So we decided to have him let us use it.

It was our fourth meeting when Spriggs came, and he was *such* a curious-looking fellow. He was tall and thin, and wore spectacles. His hair was brown and came down over his coat collar. His eyes were brown, too, and rather attractive, I thought. But his coat—you should have seen it! It was one of those short cutaways that had faded to a sickly green. And when he was shown in he stopped, awfully confused. I don't know whether it was because we were in evening dress or because Billy Fillston was being an Indian

idol on top of the piano. But, anyway, we soon saw that he wasn't going to let us have the play.

He had it in his hand and held it close (just as if the old thing was precious), and began by saying he knew it was an honor we had bestowed, but that he didn't think his play would suit us.

"Can I wear white in my part?" asked Dolly.

He looked rather puzzled. "I suppose you can."

"Then it'll be all right," she said.

That seemed to bewilder him a little more, and he blurted out that really he wasn't sure that he wanted his play—what did he call it—oh, yes, "produced" by amateurs.

Of course that disappointed us dreadfully, but you don't discourage Dolly easily. She got up and walked over to the Spriggs person. He looked as if he wanted to run, but he didn't, and when she got real close she looked at him with those eyes of hers and she trembled her mouth (I mean it that way: Dolly can tremble or dimple just when she wants to)—she trembled her mouth and looked at him, oh, so pitifully.

"You won't let us have it?" she said. "Really?" And there was the biggest kind of a tear in her voice.

Well, that rather floored him, and he looked perfectly helpless. Then he stammered, "I—I—I didn't know it mattered much."

"Matter?" said Dolly, coming all the closer to

him (George had gone outside just then to give the butler an order): "Mrs. Maguire's *life* depends upon it." And she told it so beautifully we all came very near crying, and I saw Spriggs swallow twice.

"Oh," said Mr. Spriggs, "in that case you can have it." And just then Billy Fillston almost spoiled everything by pretending he was overcome and falling off the piano.

But Dolly clapped her hands and fairly danced, she was so happy. Then George came in, and they dragged Spriggs into a chair and made him read the play.

Really, I don't know yet what the whole thing was about—oh, yes, it was something about a poor inventor who was swindled out of his thing-um-a-jig by somebody he called "a bloated predatory plutocrat," whatever that means—I'm sure I hadn't the least idea. Anyway, Spriggs chose Ezra Tubble for that part, because he is fat; and Harry (who knew something of what Spriggs meant) said all Ezra had to do was to look mean and prosperous. And the rest of the play? Well, Dolly loved George, and Tubble was against her marrying him because George was poor.

But George isn't, you know, and Ezra doesn't object, really. It was only all in the play—while Ezra was the plutocrat thing. Well, anyway, some of it was extremely serious—because Spriggs said so when Harry kept laughing at

what he thought was a joke. It was something about, *"I only ask a fair valuation of my property from you"—you* was the plutocrat. And Harry said he *knew* it was a joke, because his father (who is "Old Worthing," you know) "made a combination and bought out all the other soap fellows when they couldn't stand the competition." Perhaps you understand that. I don't. It's something about business. But Spriggs said "fair valuation" was serious, and so Harry kept a straight face. Dolly ordered him to.

When he was finished, Grace Emmonds wanted to drop out because she had to wear a rag dress in the second act, and tried to get Spriggs to make it at least tusser. He said that would spoil everything. "Whoever saw tusser in a poor workingman's home?"

"Sure thing," chimed in Billy. "Remember, girls, the last time we went down to Mrs. Maguire's—her taffeta silk, and little Mag eating fried oysters for breakfast?"

This seemed to excite the Spriggs person. "I know," he said, "there is frequent improvidence among the poor, but that is the result of their having been ground down and denied the education that is their right." And do you know, he really looked not frightened any longer—more like he wanted to hit Billy.

But Dolly broke in: "Is that in the play?" she asked sweetly. Spriggs stopped abruptly and

looked at her. Dolly drooped her eyelids a couple of times.

"No," he said.

"Well, then go right on," she commanded, and he did—just as meek as could be.

And, then, it was such fun. Of course, Gladys Weller made trouble when she saw that she had only two pages to say. But when she found Gid Van Styne's part was about the same and they would have lots of idle time together she hadn't another word of objection. But it was *such* fun. The Spriggs chap was so worried about it all.

Of course, it was Dolly who saved the whole matter, for she straightened out everything. Once I had told Spriggs that I didn't understand—it was something about "idle rich" and "their duties."

"Of course you don't," he said, turning on me fiercely.

"Why 'of course'?" I asked. I wasn't going to let any person in a green cutaway talk to *me* that way.

"Because you are the idle rich yourselves," he answered.

Actually!—now what do you think of that! If he could see us and the things we have to do—the Kennel Club, the Horse Show, dinners and dances and—oh, dear me! the no end of things that simply wear us out.

But before I could give him a piece of my mind

it came out all right, because Billy Fillston pretended it was a song, and sang it while he danced a cake-walk with Mrs. Appleton's monkey:

"We are the idle rich,
We are the idle rich,
Old Monkey-doo and I!"

And Dolly smoothed it over.

When he went that night we got the old play away from him and had the parts copied and they were ready the next time he came. That was for the first rehearsal, and, do you know, there was such a change in him—his shoes were polished, he had a clean collar, his long hair was brushed almost smooth—except where part of his hair stuck up behind. (Billy Fillston pretended he was a quail, when he wasn't looking.)

I soon found out why he was different. Don't you see? Dolly had had him up one evening and "Dolly-ized" him. I don't know what that is, but George says it's calculated to make any man jump through hoops the rest of his life whenever she cracks the whip; and he ought to know. He's been doing it the last two years.

Anyway there was a different look in Spriggs' eyes whenever he looked at Dolly that night. I guess he had never met one of those bubbly-fluffy girls like Dolly in all his life, and I suppose, too, that she didn't tell him why she wanted to play opposite to George.

Well, the rehearsals went fine, except that Spriggs nearly fainted when we just mentioned that perhaps we could put a topical song in the "big strike scene," as he called it. Spriggs was all red in an instant.

"If that's the way you take it," he said, "we'd better stop right now."

"What?" said Dolly; "with all my tickets sold —and Mrs. Maguire and everything!"

"Yes," said Spriggs, getting quite white around the mouth.

"I'm sorry," said Dolly, "because—because—I —I asked mamma yesterday to have Mr. Constein come to see the play, and he is the big opera-house manager, you know."

Spriggs got red again. He walked over close to her and looked at her in amazement.

"You did that," he almost gasped, "for *me?*"

"Why, yes," said Dolly; "mamma's one of the biggest subscribers, you know, and perhaps we can get our scenery from him, too."

"Scenery from the opera house!" gasped Spriggs.

"Yes, if they can cut it down to fit the drawing-room," said Dolly.

Sprigg's face fell. "Oh, impossible," he said. And it didn't cheer him up any when Billy Fillis-ton suggested that perhaps Rose Douglas, the miniature painter, could get something up. He didn't like Billy, anyway.

At any rate, the effect seemed good, because he didn't get mad any more if we were missing just when we ought to have come in on the stage. No, not even when he found Gid and Gladys snuggled up in a seat under the steps in the hall. (Once before he had fussed so that Mrs. Comstock, the chaperon, just *had* to take notice, though goodness knows where *she* was most of the time.) Yes, after that stroke of Dolly's about the opera-house manager things moved right along, though it did disappoint him dreadfully that we preferred bridge to rehearsing two different nights. Wasn't he funny?

And once I caught Dolly reading a piece of paper that had some poetry on it. I know he wrote it, but, of course, she said it was the prescription for a new skin food.

"Look here, Dolls, old girl," I said, "this long-haired specimen won't match with the others in your collection. Look out!"

"The idea!" said Dolly. "I have to be nice to him because of poor Mrs. Maguire. If you want things to fall through now just say so, Jenny Milbank. Let her starve—I'm willing. Poor thing!" And she began trembling her lips.

Well, who could answer anything like that—especially Dolly like that. I simply hummed "What's the Matter With the Moon Tonight?" and dropped it.

That was not all our troubles. Gid Van Styne

kept forgetting his part and would make up long speeches that he thought ought to fit, and that just paralyzed Spriggs.

"No, no," he said, "don't you see? You say it like this"—and, oh, he looked terrible—"*I am fighting for my home, my little ones and the bread for their mouths,*" and Gid had only said *biscuits.*

Billy Fillston suggested why not champagne, too, but Spriggs ignored him, so Billy wandered out to drown his disappointment, he said.

Gid asked how he could remember every little word, and Spriggs said he hoped Gid would learn the meaning of that speech some day by—what was it? Oh, yes—"By the sweat of his brow and the toil of his hands." (Gid Van Styne has such nice white hands.)

"Right, O," said Gid. "I'll join the Golf Club next week." But that didn't seem to please Spriggs any better, and he acted most ungentlemanly, telling Gid to say it like he meant it, anyway, not as though he was asking the price of a monocle.

But when it got to George and Dolly's scene it was a picture to see Spriggs watch her. He just forgot to follow them by reading from the play and moved his lips silently, mocking every word they said and making such queer faces. When George kissed her at the end, that seemed

to disturb him some. He said it wasn't really necessary to do it before the last performance.

Well, that seemed to please—who? Dolly? No. Abigail Havens, you know, from Pittsfield. She's a stiff little thing. Puritan blood, and all that. She had threatened all along to quit if Billy Fillston really *did,* you know. So she was glad she didn't have to. But Dolly got dreadfully serious and said he certainly was right, but this was the best part of his play and she didn't want to spoil it, so she thought George might kiss her if it helped. And that satisfied Spriggs.

It was plain to see that he had not seen her and George when they were not acting and in the library—but that was none of my business.

I was all the time trying to remember my part. It was the funniest thing: before I got up I knew every word, but just the minute I opened my mouth everything seemed to leave me. And when Billy Fillston commenced looking into the piano and everywhere for my brains that didn't help any. But Spriggs was just as nice as he could be. He said at the crucial moment I would remember—and strangely enough, I did. But that is getting ahead, isn't it?

It was just one week before New Year's—the day after Christmas. That's so—only five days. Well, we had gotten everything up fine. None of us knew our parts, but the dressmakers had turned out perfect *dreams,* and the scene-man

and the carpenters had built the nicest little stage in the drawing-room. It was simply dear, and Dolly had artificial flowers put all over the front to make it harmonize, she said. They cost an awful lot, and so did the furniture. Spriggs wanted us to use just plain boards in that second act, but Dolly simply gave him one look, and he thought that, after all, we could use Mission furniture. Because a poor workman *might* have some, you know.

By this time I began to wonder whether it was the play or the coming to rehearsals Spriggs cared most for. Come to think of it, that play was the same idea, rather—a poor inventor falling in love with Tubble's—I mean the plutocrat's daughter. (Though, of course, Dolly's father, with his few millions, couldn't be called that.)

Well, the time drifted along, and at the rehearsal that occurred the night before the performance, George hurried away early. I didn't know why then, but it turned out it was a bachelor dinner that he gave that night because his engagement to Dolly was going to be announced at the supper the following night.

Oh, I forgot to tell you about that. Dolly thought it would be unique. Yes, he left and we all stayed until nearly one o'clock working. Harry and I didn't hurry, and I do believe Dolly thought we had gone, because I heard her saying

good-night to Mr. Spriggs. He was holding her hand.

You don't know how I thank you," he said, "for promising to have that manager come, and for—for being so good to me," and he looked tremendously hard at her.

"Oh, nonsense, you have been good to *me,* and I appreciate your letting us have the play."

"Do you?" he said. But we came around the corner just then and he went out.

"Dolly!" said I, shaking my finger.

She put up her nose defiantly.

"Well, he *has* done lots," she said. "Think of what a triumph—if it all goes well. Patricia Boardman's charades will look like one of her last year's frocks."

Wasn't that Dolly, thinking about outdoing somebody else!

Well, the next night the drawing-room was jammed. Most of those who had bought tickets came. Of course not all *The* ones. There are a lot who always rush to pay to see the inside of the Appletons' house. You see, afterward they can commence a conversation with their friends this way: "When I dropped in on dear Mrs. Appleton, the other day . . ." And if that doesn't impress them they add, "Mrs. *Oliver* Appleton, you know.

They were all there. But Dolly said she didn't have to ask them to supper or recognize them

afterward or call on them; and she could always be out. Besides, they were handy to sell things to, and you couldn't possibly offend them—they were always ready to pay next time.

Yes, the drawing-room was full, and then the funniest thing happened.

George didn't come!

"Where is he?" we all asked. And Spriggs went running around with his face as white as my feather boa.

Billy Fillston said that the last he had seen of him, George was trying to make a cabman drive his horse up the side of the Flat Iron Building. George insisted that the horse was "The Human Fly." Though a horse isn't human, is he.

"That bachelor dinner!" said Dolly. "I knew it! Of all nights to choose the one before the play!"

"But I," said Billy, "did I lose my chance to imprint upon the chaste lips of Miss Abigail, the Puritan, one rapturous kiss? Nay, nay, far be it from me, Pauline!"

Of course, he was only joking, because Billy could drink a cellar dry and then walk a telegraph wire. They call him "The Bonded Warehouse," whatever that means. It was only that he had gotten over it, but George—well, he simply didn't come, that's all, and there we were, and the orchestra playing!

Oh, I forgot to tell you that Dolly got the

orchestra. It cost, but Dolly was going to have the best. It was the best, and playing its best, and the little professional man we got from the Comedy Theatre was swearing dreadfully, and what do you think!

Spriggs stepped up. "I'll play it," he said.

"You know it?" asked Dolly, anxiously.

Spriggs answered in the strangest way: "Too well!"

Now what do you suppose he meant? "Too well!" And the queerest look came into his eyes.

"Just the thing," said Dolly.

You see, she was remembering Patricia Boardman's charades.

And then she stopped and looked at Spriggs, and I suppose it must have crossed her mind how badly he would appear as the handsome young hero. But her face lighted up again.

"You could wear George's costumes," she said. "They are all here."

Spriggs looked down over his own clothes, and his face got very red. But before they could say another word Dolly hurried him up to the room where the men were to dress and pushed him inside.

Then there was a tremendous bustling.

Abigail just wouldn't have paint on her cheeks, and the Comedy Theatre man said it was necessary. Then, when they were arguing about it,

he called her "My dear," which made her declare she wasn't going to play at all. It took about ten minutes to straighten that out. The theatre man called in Billy Fillston to prove that "My dear" was a regular professional term, meaning "Young lady." But Abigail wouldn't take his word for it, because Billy only knew show-girls, and, of course, *they . . . !*

But the audience was applauding and applauding, and it was dreadful, and the Comedy Theatre man was frantic, but Dolly settled it by putting on the demurest expression and telling Abigail she quite agreed with her. And, when she had finished with the theatre man, he was calling *her* "My dear," and had agreed to apologize to Abigail and let her not wear paint if she didn't want to.

Then Harry Worthing had a fit because he thought he was poisoned or burnt or something. It was the stuff they used to stick his whiskers on with, and it smelled terribly. How did I know? I think you're *real mean.*

Well, at last we were ready, all except Spriggs, and then *he* came out. Really, you wouldn't have known the man! He had his hair cut, anyway that day, and with all of George's things on, and without his spectacles, I had to be told who he was.

And Dolly—Dolly simply clasped her hands and said, "Oh, Mr. Spriggs, how nice you look!"

Do you know, really, if his face had shown the effects of breeding, he would have been handsomer than George. Effects of breeding? Why, *you* know—round, full and flushed face, and an air as though one doesn't care a pin what anybody thinks about anything.

No, Spriggs was too much eyes, his face was too thin, and his chin was too square and prominent.

And what do you suppose he answered Dolly? He said: "I am glad you like the clothes."

There was some hidden meaning in that, I'm sure, but I didn't stop to think it out, because just then the orchestra started again, and the theatre man ordered us off the stage and the curtain went up.

Well, that first act went splendidly. Everybody knew their parts, said them just right, and there was only one little wait of about five minutes while we found Gid Van Styne in the billiard-room and told him it was time for him to go on. But the audience didn't seem to mind a bit, because they had a lot of fun laughing at Abigail, who had reached the end of what she had to say and couldn't make up anything more. And, oh, yes, I forgot Ezra Tubble dropped his wig on the floor when he tipped his head. But that didn't matter, because they all knew that it was not his own hair, anyway. And when the climax came, and Spriggs said his words about

"This night the men will strike, and we will fight you to the last ditch," they applauded more than ever.

And between acts Mr. Bridger, "Amalgamated Bridger" they call him (he is Gladys' uncle), said that it was so realistic that he had to go out in the hall to wait for the walking-delegate to come for his check.

Anyway, things were going splendidly, and that Spriggs person's face was the funniest study. He looked as though he wanted to laugh or cry and didn't know which, and when Dolly told him that she saw Manager Constein applauding, too, he almost fainted.

They had stepped just a minute into the hall. And I heard him say something about never forgetting this she had done for him. She said that was all right. Oh, Dolly is generous. She shook his hand, too.

Then the second act came. Billy Fillston stumbled as he came in once and ran his hand through the wall of the room—the scenery wall, of course. That was rather bad, but it put them in a good humor just the same, and they laughed at every little thing after that.

This seemed to worry Spriggs, rather. He clenched his fists and muttered something about they shouldn't have laughed there.

But I didn't see why he should object. They were all having a *lovely* time, and, after all, that

was what they paid for. But Spriggs seemed mighty serious about it, and so savage when he told the rich man at the end of the act that he would take his daughter away from him, *"by showing her the emptiness of the giddy life she was leading, the uselessness, and by teaching her to sympathize with the poverty of those who had not been born so fortunately."*

He said that so earnestly that they didn't laugh, and that seemed to please him; but they didn't applaud, and that didn't please him much, either.

And then came the third act—the last. I'll never forget it.

It was Billy Fillston who made it such a success. You see, he had decided long before that the play was too slow in this act, and so he fixed it up with Gid to liven things up. So when it came time for Gid's speech about *"bread for my children's mouths,"* he said "afternoon tea-biscuits," and the audience laughed themselves sick.

Then he filled in a lot about having no champagne, and not even an automobile, and then, when all of us were on the stage, and Spriggs was talking something about what *"his fellow-workers deserved,"* and Tubble answered him by asking him *"What do you want?"* Billy Fillston, instead of saying his speech, which was: *"We want justice for ourselves and our little ones"*—instead of that, Billy turned to the orchestra leader and said, "I want the key of G," and—do

you know?—the orchestra started right up (Billy had given the leader an extra twenty beforehand), and he sang three verses and seven encores of Give My Regards to the Great White Way.

Well, that was the hit.

In the middle of it stood Spriggs, slowly buttoning and unbuttoning his coat. I do believe he had tears in his eyes, but maybe it was the paint. I suppose that was it, because, when we left him and Dolly on the stage together, all alone, he seemed to forget everything but the piece he had to say.

Let me see if I can remember it. It was something about *"I come here to tell you of another world. Not this one of luxury, folly and untruth, fashion, foibles and sin. I want to tell you not of need, of misery, but of people who pay you back with truth, gratitude and sincerity if you go to them in the right spirit."*

"Why do you say this to me?" said Dolly. (That was her part.)

"Because you are sincere of heart," he said; *"I know you are. Though your father is rich and you belong to another world, I dare say this to you because I love you. You understand? I love you!"*

And Dolly turned, just as she ought to—*"You love me?"*

He came closer to her, as George had always

rehearsed it. *"Yes, I love you,"* he said. *"Come with me. Leave this fetid atmosphere and come with me into the clear sunlight of tomorrow. Will you? Will you?"*

And Dolly turned to him and said: *"Yes, I hate it all, I hate them all, and I'll go wtih you—because—because I love you, too."* And she reached out her arms to him.

Well, you should have seen the expression that came over that man's face! He actually seemed to forget it was only all in the play, or, at least, he was acting very well.

Then he seemed to get rather dazed, and when she kissed him, that simply seemed to overcome him. He stood looking and looking after her and forgot every word he ought to say!

The prompter was calling to him out of the side-place, but all he said was, "I can't go on. I can't ——" and stammered so that we had to pull down the curtain on a cake-walk gotten up on the spur of the moment by Billy and Gid and the rest. But it ended everything *splendidly.*

Then the people came up and congratulated us, and Spriggs, too. One of the last was the opera-house manager. Dolly brought him up to Spriggs herself.

"How did you like it?" she asked, smiling at him.

The manager gave one look at Spriggs, then he said: "Very good, very good. But, Mr.

Spriggs, you will have to play it for a comedy." And then he went out with the others.

Dolly stood looking at Spriggs, and what do you suppose? Just then in came George. Of course, he ran up to her and kissed her.

"Well, Dolls, old girl," he said, "how did it go? Have you announced it yet?"

"Went fine," answered Dolly, "thanks to Mr. Spriggs. We owe him a great deal, George."

But Spriggs didn't say anything except, "Announce? Announce what?" And he seemed absolutely stupefied.

"Why, our engagement," said George.

Then he went on to tell Dolly why he had missed the performance. It seems that his doctor advised Turkish baths after his bachelor dinner, and he had just got out.

Then the Comedy Theatre man stepped up and handed Spriggs back his torn and battered play.

"There you are, Spriggsey, old chap," he said. "Constein says it is great. But play it as a comedy, old chap, play it as a comedy."

Spriggs walked rather unsteadily to the door, I thought, and opened it. It was snowing, and he stood there with it floating around that green cutaway. He didn't have any overcoat. I guess he forgot it or something. Just then Dolly missed him and turned.

"Why," she called, dimpling, "aren't you coming in to supper?"

He looked back at her. "No," he answered, "I am going to play it for a comedy." And he went out.

Yes, that was all.

Mrs. Maguire?

Do you know, Dolly had been *so* busy with the play that she hadn't called around for two or three weeks! During that time Mrs. Maguire had died—a cold or something; I forget now. And, after all, there weren't any profits for her, because everything had cost so much that we'd gone behind, and Dolly's father had to give a check to pay some of the debts. But Dolly is going to get up some gymkhana races this spring to help out her children.

Richard Walton Tully

Steve

"STWEVE, I've bwoke my fwishin' wod; wun't chou pwease fwix it?"

A small, tearful figure, in faded overalls and bare feet, held up the two broken pieces of a short cane pole. The little mouth was still quivering, but the brown eyes looked trustingly up at Steve. The bigger of the two net-menders laid his wooden needle, with its hump of soft cotton twine, upon the rack of stretched nets.

"Yes, I reckon I kin fix it."

The voice was strangely soft and low for the rough bigness of the man.

Steve put out a tanned water-washed hand, and took the broken pole, while the youngster hopped joyously up and down upon the net raft.

"I'm thwo gwad it's goin' tuh get fwixed," he said, as Steve seated himself on the prow of the flat-bottomed boat and drew out a big pocket-knife.

Three splints, a little twine, and the rod came from under his deft fingers whole once more.

"How'd yuh break it, Bob?" he asked, as he turned back to his mending.

"I didn't bwake it," the child answered. "Th' fwish bwoke it, an' O Stweve! it was a gweat bwig, bwig fwish."

Bubbling over with glee at his newly restored pole, Little Overalls scrambled off the net-raft and disappeared up the deep-cut path through the alders.

"Bob Gillam's gettin' to be a right nice little kid, Hugh," the big fisherman remarked, as the fingers of his brown hands drove the needle swiftly in and out through the stiffened meshes of the net.

"Yes, tolerble nice," his brother replied, absently; "not much like th' old man, though. Say, Steve, if Gillam should win that lawsuit, what 'ud we do then?" At the mention of Gillam's name Steve's face hardened and the mild brown eyes glinted steelily for a moment, while his jaw set in grim, cold lines. Then the kindness came back into his eyes, and he answered.

"No, Hugh, th' court kaint decide that-a-way; not when they've got our deed tuh th' fishin' grounds."

Neither spoke for several minutes, and in the silence, above the sish, sish of the flying needles, the voice of the river rose up. At first there was

but the sibilant gurgle, and liquid mouthings of the current on the riffles, then, with a shift of the breeze, there drifted up from the dusky purple gorge down stream, the throaty roar of the rapids, low-keyed and hoarse. It was as if in the fading light some giant muttered to himself and at each surly growl of the monster the little foam-tipped wavelets on the riffles by the raft seemed to stop, to shiver, and then to fall whitely back upon their fellows. The sharp clatter of sliding stones on the bank broke the stillness.

"Yer name Pearson?" The voice was sharp with command.

"Yes, my name's Pearson," Steve answered slowly.

"I'm th' deputy sheriff, 'n' I come tuh say thet th' court's got out 'n injunction agin you tuh keep off'n Gillam's fishin' grounds."

"But it's ourn. We have th' deed to it, an'—an' we've sent it up tuh th' court."

"Dunno 'bout thet; but it's Gillam's now. Guess maybe th' deed got lost—if yuh ever had one. You'll have tuh keep off'n his jetties now, anyway." And the sheriff turned sharply, and climbed back up the worn path through the alders. Behind him on the raft Steve looked dumbly down at his nets, while his sinewy fingers tightened until the wooden needle snapped and crumpled in his hand.

The big form swayed unsteadily a moment, and his voice caught as he spoke:

"It's all—we've got—Hugh—an' th' mother's too old tuh take keer of herself now."

Silently the two left the raft, and swung slowly up the path to the little old white house, set far back in the apple orchard. As he passed, the alder branches whipped him sharply across the face, leaving little trickles of blood behind them; but Steve went on unheeding, past the row of trimly, white-washed bee-hives, and in through the wire-latched gate.

At the door a white-haired woman met them, her face shining with the sweetness of a great love. As the two entered the firelight the mother put both her hands on her son's shoulders.

"What is it, Steve?" she said. The big fellow looked away for a moment, his soft eyes drawn with pain, then turning back he answered:

"They've taken away our jetties; we can't fish now."

For a minute there was silence, broken only by the crackle of the fir-logs, and the steady tick of the clock. Then Steve freed himself and stepped quickly to the corner. Very gently he picked up the oily Winchester. Very gently he slid down the shiny lever and watched the big bottle-necked brass shell glide smoothly into the chamber, but in the face above the gliding shell there was now no gentleness.

In the strained quiet, the mother spoke sharply: "No, Steve! No! It can't be that."

Steve went on unheeding.

"Tonight we'll drift th' nets below th' dam, and down through Gillams's jetties, and if he comes" —the voice was low and strangely sweet, but glinting through the sweetness, was the gleam of steel—and still in the firelight shimmered the gliding shell.

* * * * * *

In the unreal whiteness of the moonlight, the big river slipped smoothly away from the dam and glided down through the fishing jetties, with only the crooning swish, swish of the foam-capped wavelets, and now and then the cavernous liquid gurgle of the current, to hint of the great lithe power of it.

Close up to where the white water boomed over the dam hung a flat-bottomed boat. Steve at the oars held her alertly, right across the froth of the up-swirl from the dam. Gently he dipped his blades, and with the skill of the master, kept her always just where the in-suction balanced the down-stream tug of the river. As he rowed he could see the ghostly black timbers through the smooth lip of the dam, and every now and then the spray swept over him.

"All right, Steve, let 'er go!" At the low command Steve whirled his boat broadside, and shot

her swiftly out across the face of the dam, while Hugh in the stern payed out the net.

It was done in a second, and then as they drifted swiftly down upon the fishing piers, Steve hung motionless on his oars, his eyes roaming watchfully over the surface of the river, and his right hand fingering the cold barrel of the Winchester at his knee, while all about, only the voice of the river swelled up into the night.

They had scarcely reached the first pier when a red flash leaped out from one of the black bulks down-stream, and a rifle-crack cut the stillness.

Swiftly Steve threw a return shot toward where the rifle-flash had been, and they could hear the "putt" of the bullet, as it thudded into the oaken pier.

"Cut the net loose, Hugh; he's behind the long jetty." The slow, almost drawling tone, contrasted weirdly with the whip-lash swiftness of the man.

A second shot rang out down stream, and this time Steve's answer came so that the two reports slurred into one.

A spasmodic jump of the dim figure by the pier told Steve that the shot had landed.

"Got 'im, Hugh," he said softly, his eyes on the black outline of the long jetty. There was no answer.

"Hugh, I hit 'im." Still no answer. Sur-

prised, Steve glanced down quickly, then at sight of his brother crumpled down on the stern seat, he caught his breath sharply, his face suddenly twisted with deep lines of pain.

As he started forward Hugh moved and spoke:

"It's only—the shoulder. Take me ashore." Steve straightened, his big form quivering. A half-dozen powerful strokes sent the boat's nose out upon the net-raft. Tenderly Steve lifted his brother to the planks, then with a jerk stood upright, a question in his eyes.

"Yes, I'm all right now," Hugh answered. Without a word, Steve sprang back to his oars. The boat leaped out over the water, the heavy blades bending at each heave of the great, tense body, and as he rowed his mouth straightened to a tense line. At the jetties, as he swung the bow up-stream, his eyes lighted upon the outline of a drifting boat, and in the boat, the figure of a man. The rifle jumped to his shoulder, he drew the sights down carefully until he knew the man was his, he picked the spot, he could even fancy the bullet ripping through the left-hand pocket of the greasy jumper that he knew Gillam always wore. The man moved, and then Steve saw that his right arm hung helpless at his side. Slowly the gun dropped and the big fisherman sat motionless.

"I kaint shoot e'en a dog that-a-way," he muttered. And again in the stillness, while the boats

drifted, the voice of the river rose into the night. Then, as they rounded the bend, the hoarse roar of the rapids swelled up and drowned all other sounds.

Steve shifted uneasily.

"Th' river'll get 'im anyway. But—but it ain't th' same that-a-way." His glance rested for a moment on the boat ahead, and, sticking over the stern, he noticed little Bob Gillam's mended fishing pole.

"Pore little kid," he muttered.

Back to him came the words of old man Davis: "They ain't but one man kin run thet gorge, 'n' thet man's Steve Pearson." He hesitated.

"'N' Gillam, he kaint even swim—an' at night!" As he looked again, the drifting boat was just tipping over the first riffle, and Bob's pole, tilting up into the air, seemed to beckon to him.

With a snap the big form straightened. In a moment the boat had turned. Down stream it raced. In the little stillwater at the mouth of the gorge, Steve caught the drifting boat.

"Get in," he commanded. For a moment Gillam stared blankly back at him, then silently obeyed. Steve swung the bow up-stream and braced himself for the shock, his hands tightening vice-like, upon the oars. There was a sickening downward rush. The big stationary waves rolled up beside him, level with his eyes, and as

he watched, he wondered that they looked so soft, and the foam was like lace along their crests. But their surging strength, as they wrenched on the oars, was the hard, cruel power of demons, and their hiss and slither were the voice of fiends. The spray swept over him in dripping sheets, and once a big comber crashed into the boat. Then suddenly the clamor ceased —and they were through.

Steve looked down at the huddled form before him. As he looked the man sat up:

"God, 'n' 'twere me thet stole yur deed tuh th' jetties!"

Francis Steel

Buck du Spain

I WAS only eight, that first summer father let the hauling to the Du Spains, but I remember very well the dusty day they drove around the turn into sight, and covered the big flat between the men's cabins and the barns with their long bark wagons, and half-a-hundred horses.

Buck Du Spain didn't come with the rest of the outfit, but rode in, on his little black horse, in the yellow evening. He was very beautiful, I thought, when he dropped off his horse and came over to speak to Father,—tall, and lazily slow, with a full throat, and a pleasant drawling voice, and — delight of my childish heart — a straight nose. He put me up on his horse when he led him round to the stable, and then told me to see how fast I could run home.

They — the Du Spains — took the big white house, just across the road from ours, that had been empty for so long. Buck couldn't have been

more than eighteen, for he wasn't driving himself, but just helped his father manage the big outfit, and took a team out for a day or so, if a driver were laid off. He and my gay young uncle grew fast friends, and I, lonely for playmates, tagged them mercilessly. But, when I had stayed at his mother's for supper, he would perch me on the arm of his chair, and show me pictures from a book so big that it didn't lie on the table but stood on the floor beside it, and then, when I grew sleepy, would carry me across the road, home.

At the end of the season they went away again, and I watched the caravan of teams pull out of sight, with ringing of leaders' bells, and the odd rumbling of unloaded big wagons; and felt forlorn.

It was four years later that they came again. Old Du Spain was dead, and Buck had the outfit, which was smaller now. My admiration was as keen as ever, if more quiet. I was quite content to curl up in the cane rocker in his mother's sitting-room, while he, sprawled across the lounge, read the most varied assortment of novels. It was a hot Sunday, and I very crisp in a new dress, that he gave me the fat, brown, "Les Miserables," thumb-marked, and redolent of the tobacco of many bark camps, that to this day jostles the daintier volumes on my shelves.

The rains came early that year. So they

shedded the bark that was left in the woods, and took the horses forty miles to pasture. I remember the long string going down the hill, one tied to the other's tail. The teamsters left, but Buck and his mother decided to stay,—they might as well wait for next season there as anywhere, they said. So we settled down for the winter, which was only quieter than the summer.

When it was clear,—and it seemed not to be clear much—I sat on the high porch, and watched my uncle and Buck break the two new colts, wild from the range. For rainy days I had two playing-places; the long, low room over the kitchen, sacred to trunks, old magazines, and my dolls; and, better far, the store, where my uncle kept the high, round stove roaring. He and Buck sat beside it, making for the six-horse lashes the poppers I could never "pop"; and braiding elaborate covers for whip-stocks, with silver ferrules slipped on at intervals. If I were good, and handed him the shining ferrules in proper order, Buck would show me his collection of cigarette cards, or would play casino with me. "You're a nicer partner than Toney, Kitten," he laughed, one day, when he'd taken cards and spades, big and little casino and all the aces.

"Who is Toney?" I promptly asked.

"Oh, a man at the Forks," he said.

"I don't see why you play with him, Buck, you know he's crooked," put in my uncle.

"For money, of course," said Buck, dealing out the cards with that careless ease that was my envy and despair. "Are you going to win this game, young lady?"

Near the end of winter there came a sunny Sunday, and with it the circuit preacher. So we all drove over to the schoolhouse, where the blacking fairly bubbled on the hot stove, and smelled most awfully. First there were hymns, which I liked, and, too, liked hearing Buck's clear tenor above the rest. Then came the sermon. Now our minister was a good man, and kindly, too, with a joke every now and then, on week days. But to him no sermon was a sermon which didn't force his hearers to reflect upon their latter end. I don't know if the force were stronger that day, at any rate, I felt it more, and came out of church in a most exalted state. Not even riding home with Buck, in the big breaking cart, behind the colts, checked the current of my thoughts.

Yes, I'd join the church,—for clearly something must be done, even little girls of twelve died sometimes. I'd be a Christian. "Pretty fine colts, don't you think, Kitten?" said Buck, as we took the turn to the bridge on one wheel. I nodded impatiently. Where was I? Oh, yes—yes, I'd be a Christian, and I'd be good, I'd never tell another story, never even act one (which mother said was just as bad), such as not

knowing where that new cake of chocolate had disappeared to.

"You'd better hold onto my arm, Kitten; we're coming to a rough place, and this cart hasn't any back." I took hold obediently. What else did Christians do? From the sermon two words rang back at me, "Save souls." I was a little dismayed. Whose soul could I save? Mother's and Grandmother's were saved already, of course. There were Father and Uncle Jack—but somehow, it wouldn't be very easy with them. But there was Buck—of course, Buck—I'd save him, he wouldn't be so apt to laugh at me as the others. Then, too, while he was good, still I felt, vaguely, that he might stand a bit of looking after. So when he stopped at the high block to let me out, I said, "Thank you, Buck, I've had a lovely ride," with a smile that was positively saccharine.

The method of attack bothered me for several days, till I came across a tiny pamphlet, left by the minister the last time he'd taken dinner with us, on the "Saving Power of Song." I knew any number of Gospel hymns, and could carry a tune, so I went about singing lustily. I'd even slip out on the dark porch and sing something that struck me as being especially affecting,—like "Rescue the Perishing"—just as Buck crossed the road from the store to his late supper. But one night he called, "For the Lord's sake, shut up,

Kitten." After that I sang no more, and my missionary zeal diminished.

We ran our own teams the next summer, so in the spring they went away, and I stood, again, and watched them out of sight, and felt lonelier than before.

The next six years I saw Buck perhaps not six times,—three or four times when I'd driven to town with Father, once or twice more when he, riding by, stopped at the gate, and came up the path, walking stiffly in his hairy "chaps." One day, when Grace and I had been discussing handsome men, and I had said, "Oh, but you should see Buck Du Spain! He's positively the handsomest man I ever laid eyes on." Father looked up over his paper, and said, "Handsome is as handsome does," gravely.

It was in the summer, three years ago, and not more than a week after I had come home, that we girls went to the canyon, one morning, for ferns, to decorate for our house dance that evening. We came out with green armfuls. I had lingered, for one more, and still one more perfect five-finger, till, when I came out on the road, the others were well away from me, half way up the hot hill.

Some men, a-horseback, were coming swiftly down the grade. As they came abreast of me, Sheriff Murphy, riding in the lead, swung off his hat. The others I did not know. A little way

behind them, a man on an eager little buckskin rode more slowly. I noticed when he met the girls that he made as if to rein in, but didn't. But when he came to me he stopped. "Is this your name?" said he, holding out a letter.

"Yes," said I, "who—", but he only rode on more quickly, and I thought he laughed. When we got home, the little hamlet was seething with the news. Buck Du Spain had robbed and killed Tony, the Italian saloon-keeper at the Forks, and half the country was out hunting him.

Somehow or other the day went in, what with draping long sprays of greens, and pressing out crushed ruffles, and shooing the children away from the big freezer, that stood, burlap-swathed, in the cellar. Then came dinner, one of those excited, half-eaten meals. A little later Grace came into my room, to hook me into my dress.

"Whatever is the matter with you," said she; "you've been so funny and still all day, and yet sort of excited? Do try and get up some color; you're awfully white."

Eleven o'clock came, finally, in the lull between two dances. I waited till the music began again; then, "Oh, Harry!" I said to my partner, "I've forgotten something I *must* do. No, you can't help me—". I slipped into Mother's room, and out the French window onto the porch. It was dark out here, and strangely quiet, after the light and noise the other side of the house. I went

clear to the end, where the ground dropped away, so the head of the man on horseback was on a level with the rail. Man and horse were just a dark blurr, for though the stars were bright, there was no moon. I remember noticing my dress showed dimly white.

"Buck," I whispered.

"Kitten," the sharp whisper came back, "this is good of you."

"Sh-h," I whispered, and began to pick up the packages hidden by the railing.

"Here's something for you to eat after awhile, tie it on to the back of your saddle. Here's something to eat now, can't you put a package in each pocket?" The man chuckled, "Gee! you've got a head." I raised the last, heaviest package. "Have you got the same revolver?"

"That little 44? Yes—what's this—cartridges? Oh, you're a dream! I'm all right now. I'll get out all right. I'll do something for you some day." He half-turned his horse, as if to start.

"Buck," I begged, leaning over the rail, "wait —here—"

"What's this?"

"Oh, it's money, Buck. Not very much, but it's mine, and it's enough to help you get away. Then you'll send the—other—back, won't you, Buck, and when you earn some you can send me back mine." I was whispering eagerly, out into the dark.

"Here, give it to me." I knew he was laughing. "Still trying to save my soul, Kitten?"

"Oh, how did you ever know—did Mother—" Just then someone came into the dining-room with a lamp. The light cut full across from the open window for a moment, then went out again.

"Gee, you're a regular young lady, aren't you?" He crowded his horse close to the house, and, reaching up, thrust the purse, heavier than when he had taken it, into my helpless hands. "You can buy pretties with it. *Adios,*" and he rode away into the dark.

Last summer I, going home, was riding on the high front seat of the red stage, between the driver and a Wells Fargo inspector. We had been driving on the level land along the coast all the afternoon, skirting the bases of the hills in long curves. The dark and we dropped together down the grade that led to the river. When we got to the bottom it was quite black, and our big reflector lantern, that glared out like a searchlight above our heads, had been lit some time. The long bridge, that spanned the river and the swamp that came before it, had fallen, a week or so before, and a sort of road had been cut through the swamp to the ford. It was a bad place, full of water and sunken logs and tree roots. The stage lurched, one wheel sunk in mud to the hub, the other clear out. The lantern light flickered over the four horses, cau-

tiously picking their steps, and the white-barked alders seemed to lean into the circle of its light with a sort of ghastly eagerness.

The driver had just said, "We're over the worst of it," when a man on horseback, with a black mask over his face, and a revolver held high came into the light.

"Hands up," he cried, and sent a shot over our heads. The Jew drummer inside the stage gave a thick, cracked scream. The Wells Fargo man, all in one moment, got me crushed down in the boot among the mail bags, and fired two shots. There was an answering shot, and the rattle of broken glass from the lantern. Then it was dark, and I could hear the driver and the Wells Fargo man get out."

"I guess you've done for him," said the driver. They splashed in water, and stumbled on logs. I sat up. They had stopped, and were lighting matches. Then I heard them coming back again, but slowly. They stopped when they got to the lead horses, and asked for a light. Up to now the men inside the stage had been as quiet as I.

"Is it safe?" asked the Jew drummer.

"He's dead, I guess," said the Wells Fargo man. So the drummer got out and stumbled up to them, with a little electric pocket lamp.

"He's alive," said the driver, "but he won't be long, I guess," and then, his voice going up an octave, "If it ain't Buck Du Spain."

They laid him flat on a broad log, that sloped well out of the swamp. I sat above him, and held his black head in my lap. Then the driver took the stage on, to get help. The drummer, the Wells Fargo man and I stayed with Buck.

It was very quiet in the bottom of the canyon, for none of us spoke, only now and then we'd catch the faint wash of the river. It was very dark, too, for the pocket lamp had given out, and all the matches were burnt. The silence and dark seemed to combine into a palpable, dense thing, that held us each fast in his place, beyond the possibility of movement.

There came a time—I don't know if for long—that I could no longer feel the head that had been heavy on my knees, when it seemed to me, along that narrow swamp, there went a procession of all that was sad and lost, going with all mournful and dreadful noises.

"Gott, it's cold!" said the Jew drummer. I, remembering the quiet head, laid my hand, ever so lightly, across its lips. But no breath went over them.

Helen Dawes Queen.

Bernice, Patrice and Clarice

"YOU ought to apologize to her, and to me, too. You ought to make it up to her, you Dig! Dig! Old Saw-bones! Why can't you be obliging? Why do you want to be an idiot?" So said Smudge, and bounced out of the room.

McFadden settled himself upon the lounge to snooze. It wasn't his fault if there were more girls than men. Why didn't they leave some out? It wasn't his fault if he had to study the human bones. That's what he came to college for. The girl was nice of course, but what made her giggle? Why should any sane person want to go to such a silly affair anyway? Life was said to be short, time fleeting; he at least would waste none of either.

There was a haze in the hills, and a warm wind blowing over them. Three bright green parasols fluttered along, with three big freshman histories and three sweet coeds bobbing

along under them. The girls' thin dresses swirled and floated in the breeze, their flying hair made halos round their heads, till parasols, girls, hills and haze all seemed mystically blended parts of the same warm summer day. They sank down beneath an oak, where the thistles were rattling in the dry grass, and for a time a rustling of pages was joined with the rustling of the oak leaves overhead.

Then, "Oh Bernice! Hello Patrice," cajoled a maid with a camera slung over her shoulder. "Haven't we worked enough? This is so slow (plaintively)" She heaved a soft sigh which the others echoed sympathetically as they shoved away their books.

"We shall have to stir up some excitement," said Bernice. "Poor Clarice is pining away."

"I have it!" cried Patrice with glee. "We'll sit on the fence, put the camera in that crotch, and ask the first person who comes along to take our pictures!"

"And we'll take an oath by fire, air and water," added Clarice, "to ask the very first person."

"We'll draw straws to decide who is to do the asking," said Bernice.

The arrangements were soon completed. Patrice selected three dry clover stems, "for luck," she said. The lot fell to Bernice. With much mirth they seated themselves upon the top rail of the fence to wait. The breeze grew

stronger, till the leaves of the books lying open beneath the oak began to turn; turned faster and faster as though in a panic at their owner's desertion; then, as the laughter grew still lighter and more frivolous, the books themselves flopped completely over in disgust. And now a strange figure appeared, coming out of the haze over the brow of the hill.

It was that of a tall man leaning forward. Though he came with the long stride of a runner, his pace seemed slower than a walk. His build and dress betokened the athlete. As he drew nearer he was seen to stagger occasionally, sweat, trickling through the hair matted on his forehead, dripped from his nose and chin; his breath came in gasps, yet, in the firm set of his jaw and the fire of his eye, there was no suggestion of yielding to fatigue. The girls gazed in wonder. Then Bernice, shoved forward by Patrice and Clarice, accosted him. "I beg your pardon," she said, coyly, "but would you be so kind as to pinch the bulb?" He turned one look upon them of infinite pity and contempt, then set his face forward and passed on. "Isn't he horrid!" said Bernice.

Once more the dainty butterflies settled upon the fence. "You're next Patrice," chimed the other two. Their parasols bobbed and dipped in the breeze like a cluster of toy balloons. They had hardly spoken when a second figure appeared

at the brow of the hill. "There's another of them!" cried the girls.

He, too, came at a weary run; he, too, staggered and sweated and gasped. He seemed not quite so tall as the other, nor so firm of face, but he was equally intent upon his onward course. Patrice jumped down and stood directly in his path. "If you please we would like you—"

Admiration and regret appeared in his face. "Love to, if I had the time," he panted, then dodged her and passed upon his slow and toilsome way, with apologetic glances backward which considerably retarded even that pace.

"Did you ever!" said Patrice.

The girls now held an animated discussion as to who these creatures were, and what such conduct might mean. With mocking laughter and grimaces they repaid the slights which they felt had been put upon their charms. The merriment was at its height when a third athlete appeared. Clarice, seizing the camera from its crotch, ran towards him, followed by the other two, crying as coquettishly as she might, "Please take our pictures, Mister, do."

Without pausing he reached for the camera. "I'm rather (gasp) in a hurry," he managed to say, "but if (gasp) you will run ahead and pose, I think (gasp) I can accommodate you." The girls in delight flitted around and ahead of him, while he, still running, adjusted the camera, their

parasols dancing, their bright hair tossing, their dresses fluttering in the breeze. "Can't stop," he explained when the camera had snapped (the necessities of photography had somewhat slackened his speed), "runnin' a Marathon."

"How splendid!" cried they all running along beside him.

"We hope you'll win," said Bernice.

"We hope we haven't hindered you," said Patrice.

"Can't we help you," asked Clarice. "You seem very warm," she added reflectively. He felt the grateful protection of her green parasol held over his head.

So they ran, but soon he found himself running very slowly indeed, and holding the parasol. Bernice and Patrice had turned aside to pick wild flowers, but returned just as they came to a wonderfully clear brook, with fern and moss covering its enticing banks. "It seems to me," he murmured languidly," that since I'm so far behind now, it's quite useless to go on. Can't we stop in this fine shade?"

"Oh no!" came the dismayed chorus.

"It's an honor to be even third in a Marathon."

"If you stop now you'll be nothing."

"Remember the race of the hare and the tortoise." In her anxiety lest he should stop, Clarice even seized his elbow and hurried him forward.

Somewhat revived by their encouragement, he

moved along at a slightly faster pace, the girls beguiling the way by pulling the petals from buttercups. "He loves me, he loves me not," they chanted merrily. It amused them all to notice that whereas he seemed by the fair flower oracles sometimes to love Bernice and Patrice, and sometimes not, to Clarice he was entirely true.

The way now led between tall trees, whose interlocking branches creaked and moaned as the wind wrestled with them. The path here joined the main road where the feet of the runners splashed silently through a flaky white dust. The spike-marked tracks of the first and second runners led away before them. "Why did this one zigzag so," asked Clarice presently, noticing that her companion's eyes were grimly observing the tracks.

"Because it is ordained," he said, "that I shall be second." There, where the road turned sharply at the foot of a slope, face downward in the dust, lay the first athlete. With startled cries the girls rushed to him. They bathed his face, they chafed his hands, they tried every art known to them to restore him—all without success. By kindly words and offices they made amends for their past derision. "Poor fellow," said Clarice, her eyes full of tears. "He was so fine; he might have done so much."

As they could do no more, they left their flow-

ers by him and passed on, Clarice sobbing piteously. The third athlete put his arm about her shoulders, where her hair was now falling in soft ripples, and tried to comfort her. "I believe," he said, making a desperate effort to recall some of his Greek history, "that in Greece runners often died in the Marathon. Why usually (with animation) when a runner falls in a race the others pay not the slightest attention to him."

"You're not sorry we stopped?" said Clarice reproachfully.

"No indeed," he protested.

"You ought always to stop," she asserted.

"On reflection, it might be better if there were a general rule to that effect," he acquiesced, solemnly, looking into her shining eyes.

Then, as they hurried forward, they heard a voice from the shade at the roadside, calling a feeble, "Good bye! Good luck!"

"Why, there's that second one," exclaimed Patrice. They crowded around, offering him water from their hands and fanning him with trilium leaves. When his condition seemed improved Clarice turned to the third athlete.

"You must go on," she said. "You might even break the record (looking at a dainty watch that seemed all crystal). Now that you're rested we would only hinder you."

"Alone? Leave you? What for? I can't," he said, suddenly realizing his dependence upon her.

"Then let the others stay to start this poor fellow along. I will cut across the hills."

He darted forward with a magnificent spurt. The wind which had increased to a gale, carried him half a mile at a stride. McFadden, in astonishment at such progress, sat straight up, to find the window curtains streaming over him in the wind. There was Smudge dressing as usual to go out.

"Had the deuce of a dream," volunteered McFadden.

Silence from Smudge.

"Dreamed I ran a Marathon with two other fellows."

Sniff.

"Dreamed I was first for nine miles."

Snort.

"And that I died in the tenth."

"Hoo-ray!"

Then, after a pause, in a manner distinctly conciliatory, "What did you say that Freshie's name was? Clarice?"

"Eloise, Gump!"

"Well if you will lend me a clean paste-board, and smooth the way for me, I believe I'll ask her to go to the Freshie Glee."

Elizabeth F. Young.

Billy-Too

WORD had got to Billy Burk that the Best-Yet Mining Company was looking for the man who had salted its new group of claims, and Billy was at the little stick-an'-mud ranch house getting ready for Mexico. His wife, Sophrony, hushed the baby in the doorway, where she could watch the road and Billy. His bag and gun were ready by the back door, and Billy was on his knees running his thin deft fingers along the edges of the "two-ply." Sophrony glanced at him indifferently.

"I ain't coming back," said Billy. He stood up and looked about the room, his lax mouth pursed in speculation. "There are too many fellows around here besides the Best-Yets that can't take a joke, and this may start them moving in my direction."

"Where shall we come to—if I can rent the ranch?" Sophrony set her mind against any

suggestion to sell. She had worked every inch of that ranch—she had got to keep it for a home for Billy-too. There was sure to be a "sometime" when they could come back.

But Billy did not suggest selling. "You can't rent the place," said Billy; "an' I ain't coming back." He turned over the mattress and felt along the slat-rests. "I'm a-going to keep a-going till I find a country where the inhabitants have a sense of humor. It's a great virtue, 'Phrony."

But Sophrony was quite sure she could rent the ranch.

"When shall we follow you?" she said. She knew she would follow Billy. He had found humor in salting mines before.

"Mexico's a hard place for women—so's the country I'm looking for," he said with a leer across at her. He pulled aside a curtain tacked against the wall and began to feel about among the clothes beneath it.

"Am I hot or cold, 'Phrony?"

Sophrony drew the child close against her breast and looked out into the sunshine with fierce unseeing eyes. The child complained a little peevishly.

"Hush-ye, hush-ye, my little pet-ye," she crooned, and Billy whined suddenly:

"Can't you put him down and get me some grub—you're always lugging 'im."

"He's teething and he can't bear it out of my arms," said Sophrony; but she put Billy-too on the bed under the mosquito-netting and turned to the stove. She shot a glance at Billy and her shoulders stiffened for he was on his knees again, fumbling among the old shoes.

"My mother said I cried an awful lot when I was a kid—thought I was going to be melancholy. He'll be just like me, Billy-too will," said Billy.

"He won't!" cried Sophrony. "I'll pray and pray—and I'll work at him till he *can't* be like you.

Billy squatted back and laughed.

"Well I won't work, Sophrony, but I'll pray—I'll pray Billy-too 'll be just like me. Awh, Sophrony, it makes me melancholy now—you'll have the dear child, but I'm giving up all."

"You'll be giving up a long spell of three easy meals a day—if they don't catch you this time," said Sophrony. She eyed him sharply across the frying-pan.

"Well—they ain't—a-going—to catch me," said Billy. He was feeling in the toe of an old felt slipper of 'Phrony's. Her tense shoulders relaxed and she turned her back on him.

"It's an awful thing to be separated from a loving wife and child," sniffled Billy with satisfaction. He dropped the gold pieces into his

pocket one by one so she counted off each click. "It's awful, Sophrony!"

"Awh yes," said Sophrony between her teeth, "come an' eat."

Sophrony went back to Billy-too and the open door and the road. She would have given him the money if he had had nothing, but there was his share from the salted claims—she knew he had that. He only took this to make her squirm! She knew just how he looked behind her, slouched over the table with his slanting eyes, so close to his nose, shifting over everything as he ate. She knew there was malicious glee in them now. She knew they leered at her where she stood. Sophrony held Billy-too from her and looked hard at his blinking eyes. They certainly slanted awfully; but maybe he would get over it —maybe he was only a little cross-eyed after all —most babies were—a little. If she only had a chance with him without—she thrilled suddenly and caught the child to her.

"Hush-ye—hush-ye, my little pet-ye."

"There's two men turned in at the lower forty, Bill," she said.

"Guess that's my cue," said Billy. He caught up his bag and gun and went out to the back door. Sophrony cleared the dishes from the table with a swoop and followed him, Billy-too on her arm.

"I've got the horse in the willows," he said.

"I'll be across the line in two hours—don't you show uneasy, Sophrony, just keep 'em awhile till I get a start."

"You ain't coming back?" said Sophrony, breathless.

"No, I'm giving up everything," sighed Billy, a-straddle the fence. "Kiss me good-bye, Sophrony."

Sophrony submitted her face to him.

"And I ain't to come with Billy-too?"

"No—I can't ask it—you bring up the kid grand, Sophrony—to be proud of me." Billy's sense of humor was delaying him.

He loped across the short stretch of field to the willows, and she saw his hat bob about where the horse was tied. When he had mounted his face was visible in an open space among the leaves—framed there like a mocking gargoyle. But he was not leering at her; the slant eyes were on the two men jogging up the road by the lower forty. He disappeared and Sophrony hugged the child to her breast in a rapture of pain and hope. She dropped to the ground by the fence and rocked and cried over him:

"I *will* make you a good man—I *will* I say!" and she broke into dry sobs. Billy-too struggled in her arms and cried peevishly.

"Hush-ye—hush-ye, my little pet-ye!" She tossed him up and burrowed her head in his little squirming body, and he laughed and caught

at her hair and gurgled happily. Sophrony was happy, too. "I ain't played with him enough—the love—and he just needs it. How could I? But now—now—" Suddenly she remembered the two men. She ran about to the front of the house and shaded her eyes down the road. They were at the bars already and one had got off his horse and was letting them down. She had never seen him; he had big black mustaches and walked as though he had on new boots. Sophrony guessed the other man was the young constable. He looked toward the house all the time and the other man looked about the fields. Sophrony wondered if they each had to watch out and choose where they would keep an eye. She wondered, too, if it seemed funny to them.

When the constable had ridden through the man who had let down the bars started on, leading his horse.

"Put up those bars!' called Sophrony. Both men stopped; they spoke together and then started on, unheading.

"Put up those bars!" she called again and this time she stepped lightly to the stoop. She felt so free and reckless she almost hoped they would not put them up. She would just like to make 'em! But the man afoot said something and went back and the constable came up on the road. When he was quite close Sophrony smiled at him.

"You'd had my yearling heifer in that alfalfa in no time." Her voice was so friendly that the man smiled, too.

"Billy Burk live here, ma'am?" he said; he slipped his hat to the back of his head in salute.

"Yes, but Billy isn't at home," said Sophrony, pleasantly, "won't you get down and sit awhile? It's awful hot in the sun." She smiled very hospitably and the man got down.

"Billy ain't here," he said to his companion who had come up and looked very surly. He did have on new boots. Sophrony turned to him confidingly.

"My yearling heifer gets in the alfalfa if the bars are down no time."

"Ought to have been a gate there," said the man. "My name's Smithson." But her smile had driven away his surliness, and he slipped his hat to the back of his head, too.

"I'm Mrs. Burk," said Sophrony.

"When do you look for Billy home?" asked the constable.

Sophrony nestled her cheek against the baby's moist head.

"There's never any telling about Billy," she said happily, "I put beans and ham and coffee on the stove for him half an hour ago. You just put your horses under that shack and give 'em something to eat from the crib, and then you come around in the shade by the back door and

I'll give you something right out there in the cool."

The young constable looked uneasy, but the man named Smithson said: "Guess I will," and led his horse away. He looked out over the alfalfa fields approvingly, and at the neat fences and trim stretch of well-weeded garden patch. Sophrony saw him send a stone after a squirrel that scurried from the crib as he came up and she laughed. The young constable came up on the stoop and looked at Sophrony very kindly.

"Him and me ain't here on the same business —I didn't tell him mine. Do you know anything about Billy?" he said.

"Why, I know *all* about him!" cried Sophrony with a surprised lift of the brows. She felt the color sweep up in her face for the man looked at her very keenly. "What do you want him for?"

The man looked away from her thrilling eyes, uneasily.

"Well—we ain't on the same business, him and me. He's the man that bought the ranch off'en Billy yesterday, you know, but I—". He spat twice and drew his sleeve across his mouth before he looked at Sophrony again, and then he put out his hand toward her, aghast. Her lips hung apart, pinched gray, her whole face was gray, only her eyes had color and they were

flame. Her right hand mechanically stroked the baby's head.

"Why—why—didn't you know?" he said, and Sophrony sucked in her lips with a great gasp of life.

"That's the man, is it," she said slowly. "I've never seen him before. Smithson? Yes, his name was Smithson."

"I didn't tell him my business," said the constable again.

"What is your business?" said Sophrony. She was not looking at him, but at the man unsaddling his horse under the shack.

"The Best-Yet mining people sent me," he said miserably, "and—and some other fellows."

"You want to look inside, don't you?" she said gently; she spoke as though to herself. "There's a loft above and the ladder's just outside the back door."

"I'll just look around a little," he muttered. She stared straight by him to the man whose name was Smithson. He had fed his horse from the crib and stood with his hands in his pockets and his legs well apart and looked about the little ranch with the keen satisfaction of possession. He began to whistle.

Sophrony did not hear the constable when he came past her through the door. But life was in her face again and her head was flung up and ready. Smithson was coming down now, still

whistling. The constable got hurriedly to his saddle.

"I guess I'll be going," he said, and he took off his hat without looking at Sophrony. He heard the man snapping his fingers at Billy-too.

"Looks like Billy, don't he?" he said, "only Billy is awful full of fun."

"His mother said Billy cried an awful lot when he was a baby," said Sophrony. "I suppose you've brought me the deed to sign?"

II.

Sophrony sat on the front stoop and watched the long road between the corn fields and the alfalfa. That other road had looked the same in the hot sunshine twenty years ago, and to Sophrony the day was significant of that other time. She had been thinking about Billy and watching for two men riding up the road to the bars. The man named Smithson had said she ought to have a gate at the old place—she hated gates! Sophrony eyed the stack and crib with a dull expectancy.

She tried not to think about Billy, but she could not help it. She used to have long fierce times of thinking about him. The first time Billy-too had found the money she had saved and laughed at her afterwards, she thought of little else but Billy. She was sure then that,

out there somewhere, Billy was doing wickedly; praying against Billy-too. She thought, fearfully, how he would go on with all his cunning tricks against men and then laugh to think he was tormenting Sophrony through Billy-too—Billy-too, grown up to be just like him. Sophrony rocked and prayed that Billy would stop before it was too late, for Billy-too had gone into mining lately and Sophrony was numb with the ache of it, and her eyes were parched for unshed tears. He had not been home to her for a few days and Sophrony took to watching for two men riding up the road.

Someone was moving along the mesa trail, Sophrony could see them through the bare branches of the mesquite. If they were a-horseback the hats would show above. It was one man, and he turned in from the trail and slouched up the road toward the bars. His arms flopped loosely as he walked, and the sway of his huddled figure gave him the grotesque look of the cornstalks to Sophrony—the old ragged, windblown things that stood here and there in the fields after the crop was gathered. It was not Billy-too, for a moment Sophrony had thought it was. She had seen Billy-too when he looked just like a cornstalk.

When he got to the bars the man climbed up and sat a-straddle a moment, looking about the place and at her, and Sophrony's hard hands

clinched in her lap. When he got down and started on toward her she watched him so intently that she did not see two men ride up from the trail and turn in toward the house.

The man came on up to the stoop and dropped down near Sophrony. He braced his back against the door-jamb and drew up his knees and clasped his arms about them. Then his slant eyes shifted furtively to Sophrony.

"Looks some like the old place," he said.

"I took it up 'cause the land lay the same," said Sophrony. She knew he'd spent the whole twenty years wickedly against Billy-too. She looked away from him and saw the two men already at the bars. Billy saw her startled glance and turned, too.

"They ain't after me," he said easily, but he pulled his old hat a little further over his eyes.

"No," said Sophrony, "they ain't after you."

One of the men had got off his horse and was letting down the bars. Sophrony wondered if he would put them up again. She leaned forward breathless, to watch. When the second man had ridden in the other led his horse through and then turned and put up the bars. Sophrony dumbly argued well from it. She stood up to greet the two men and Billy shrunk up behind her. He looked asleep, his knees huddled up to his chin and the old hat quite over his face.

"Billy Burk live here, ma'am?" said the man on the horse.

"Yes," said Sophrony, "but Billy—" she stopped. "What do you want him for?" she said, with her two hands crushed against her breast. She could hear Billy breathing behind her.

The man on the horse got down and came up to the stoop. He was looking at the huddled heap against the door-jamb, but he said to Sophrony:

"It's a bad business ma'am, and you'd better not have any row about it—"

"What has he done?" said Sophrony, softly.

"There are a plenty of things he's done, ma'am, but this new mining company sent us. It's for salting claims—he's got a big sum out of them and all they've got is an empty hole in the ground. Who—who is that man there, ma'am?"

Sophrony's hands hung limp at her sides. She stood back from Billy.

"He did it," she said.

"He was ahead of us on the trail—we thought it was him," said the man. "You'd better come quietly—"

Billy grovelled at Sophrony's feet and clutched out at her.

"Sophrony," he wailed, "I never prayed against Billy-too—I never—I said it for a joke—I never prayed against him." He caught at her skirt

and pulled nearer to her, but his eyes fell away from her thrilling ones.

"I never prayed against him—never, Sophrony," he begged.

"He did it," said Sophrony.

The men looked curiously at her where she stood so still. She never moved when they pulled away Billy's hands and put the handcuffs on. They took off their hats to her silently, and rode away with Billy between them.

Abby L. Waterman

The Spotted Dawg

I AIN'T a'-sayin' I'm a' almanac; but jus' the same, the very first time I clapped my lookers on the new parson, I knowed they was shore goin' to be a storm in that particular section of the territory.

Bud Hickok was responsible for the parson comin'. Bud tied down his holster jus' onct too many. A sassy greaser from the T-Bar ranch called his bluff, an' pumped lead into his system some. *That* called for a funeral. Now, Mrs. Bud, she's Kansas City when it comes to bein' high-toned. An' nuthin' would do but she must have a preacher. So the railroad agent got Williams, Arizony, on his click-machine, an' we got the parson.

He was a new breed, that parson, a genuwine, no-two-alike, come-one-in-a-box kind. He was big an' young, with no hair on his face, an' brownish eyes that 'peared to look plumb through

yu, an' out on the other side. Good-natured, yu know, but actin' as if he meant ev'ry word he said; foolin' a little with yu, too, an' frien'ly as the devil. An' he didn't wear parson duds—jus' a gray suit; not like us, yu savvy, more like what the hotel clerk down to Albuquerque wears, or one of them city fellers that comes here to run a game.

Wal, the way he talked over pore Bud was a caution. Say! The' was no "Yes, my brother," or "No, my brother," an' no "Heaven's will be done"—nuthin' like it! An' you'd 'a' never smelt gun-play. Mrs. Bud nor the greaser that done the shootin'-up (he was at the buryin') didn't hear no word they could kick at, no ma'am. The parson quoted somethin' 'bout the day you die bein' a darned sight better 'n the day you was born. An' his hull razoo was so plumb sensible that 'fore he got done the passel of us was all a-feelin', somehow or other, that Bud Hickok had the drinks on us.

We planted Bud in city style. But the parson didn't shassay back to Williams afterwards. We'd no more'n got our chaps on again, when "Hair-Oil" Johnson blowed in from the postoffice acrost the street, an' let it out at the "Life Savin' Station," as Dutchy calls his thirst-parlor, that the parson was goin' to squat in Briggs City for a spell.

"Wal, of all the dog-goned propositions!" says

Bill Rawson, mule-skinner over to the Little Rattlesnake Mine. "W'at's he goin' to do that for, Hair-Oil?"

"Heerd we had a polo team," Johnson answers. "Reckon he's kinda loco on polo. Anyway, he's took my shack."

"Boys," I tole the crowd that was wettin' their whistles, "this preachin' gent ain't none of you' ev'ryday, tenderfoot hell-tooters. Polo, hey? He's got savvy. Look a leedle *oud,* as Dutchy, here, 'd put it. Strikes me this feller 'll hang on longer 'n any other parson that was ever in these parts ropin' souls."

Old Dutch lay back his ears. "Better he don' make no trubbles mit me," he says.

Say; that was like tellin' your fortune. The nex' day but one, right in front of the "Station," trouble popped. It was this a-way:

The parson 'd had all his truck sent over from Williams. In the pile they was one of them big, spotted dawgs—keerige dawgs, I think they call 'em. This particular dawg was so spotted you could 'a' come blamed nigh playin' checkers on him. Wal, Dutchy had a dawg, too. It wasn't much of anythin' for fambly, I reckon—just plain purp; but it shore had a fine set of nippers, an' could jerk off the steerin'-gear of a cow quicker'n grease lightnin'. Wal, the parson come down to the postoffice, drivin' a two-wheel thing-um-a-jig, all yalla and black. Betwixt the wheels was

trottin' his spotted dawg. Of course, the parson 'd no more 'n stopped, when out comes that ornery purp of Dutchy's. An' such a set-to you never seen!

But it was all on one side, like a jug han'le, an' the keerige dawg got the heavy en'. He yelped bloody murder an' tried to skedaddle. The other jus' hung on, an' bit sev'ral of them stylish spots clean offen him.

"Sir," says the parson to Dutchy, when he seen the damage, "call off your beast."

Dutchy, he jus' grinned. *"Ach,"* says he, "it makes nicks aus if dey do sometinks. Here de street iss not brivate broberty."

At that, the parson clumb down an' drug his dawg loose. Then he looked up at the thirst-parlor. "What a name for a saloon," he says, "in a civilized country!"

Course, we fellers enjoyed the fun, all right. An' we fixed it up together to kinda sic' the Dutchman on. We seen that "Life Savin' Station" stuck in the parson's craw, an' we made out to Dutch that like as not he'd have to change his sign.

Dutch done a jig, he was so mad. "For *dot?*" he ast, meanin' the parson. "Nein! He iss not cross mit my sign. He vut like it, maybe, if I gif him some viskey on tick. I bet you he trinks, I bet. Maype he trinks ret-ink gocktails, like de Injuns; maype he trinks Florita vater,

oder Golone. Ya! Ya! Vunce I seen a feller —I hat some snakes here in algohol—unt dat feller he trunk de algohol. *Ya!* Unt de minister iss jus' so bat as dot."

Then, to show how he liked us, Dutchy set up the red-eye. An' the nex' time the parson come 'long in his cart, there was a dawg-fight in front of that saloon that was worth two bits for admission.

Don't think the res' of us was agin the parson. We wasn't. Fact is, we kinda liked him from the jump. We liked his riggin'; we liked the way he grabbed your paw, an' he was no quitter when it came to a horse. Say! but he could ride. One day when he racked into the postoffice, his spur-chains a-rattlin' like a puncher's, an' a quirt in his fist, one of the Lazy-S boys rounded him up against the meanest, low-down buckin' proposition that ever wore the hide of a bronc'. But the parson was game from his hay to his hoofs. He clumb into the saddle an' stayed there, an' went a-hikin' off acrost the mesa, independent as a pig on ice, jus' like he was a-straddlin' some ole crow-bait!

So, when Sunday night come, an' he preached in the schoolhouse, he had quite a bunch of us corralled there to hear him. Blamed if he wasn't wearin' the same outfit as he did week days. We liked that. An' he didn't open up by tellin' us that we was all branded an' earmarked already

by the Ole Longhorn Gent. No, ma'am. He didn't mention everlastin' fire. An' he didn't ramp an' pitch an' claw his hair. Fac' is, he didn't hell-toot!

Course that spoiled the fun for us. But he talked so straight, an' kinda easy an' hones', that he got us a listenin' to what he said.

Can't say we was stuck on his tex', though. It run like this, that a smart man sees when a row's a-comin' an' makes for the tall cat-tails till the win' dies down. An' he went on to say that a man oughta be humble, an' that if a feller gives you a lick on the jaw, w'y you oughta let him give you another to grow on. Think o' that! It may be O. K. for preachers, an' women that ain't strong 'nough to lam back. But fer me, nixey!

But that hand-out didn't give the parson no black eye with us. *We* knowed it was his dooty t' talk that-a-way. An' two or three of the boys got t' proposin' him for the polo team real serious —pr'vided, o' course, that he'd stan' for a little cussin' when the 'casion required. It was a cinch that he'd draw like a wet rawhide.

Wal, the long an' short of it is, he did. An' Sunday nights the Dutchman los' money. He begun t' josh the boys 'bout gittin' churchy. It didn't do no good—the boys didn't give a whoop for his gas, an' they liked the parson. All Dutchy

could do was to sic' his purp on to chawin' spots off that keerige dawg.

But pritty soon he got plumb tired of jus' dawg fightin'. He prepared to turn hisself loose. An' he advertised a free supper for the very nex' Sunday night. When Sunday night come, they say he had a reg'lar Harvey lay-out. You buy a drink, an' you git a stuffed pickle, or a patty-de-foy grass, or a wedge of pie druv in you' face.

No go. The boys was on to Dutchy. They knowed he was the stingiest gezabo in them parts, an' wouldn't give away a nickel if he didn't reckon on gittin' six bits back. So, more for devilment 'n anythin' else, the mos' of 'em fooled him some—jus' loped to the schoolhouse.

The parson was plumb tickled.

But it didn't las'. The nex' Sunday, the "Life Savin' Station" had Pete Gans down from Apache to deal a little faro. The parson preached to ole man Baker (he's deef), the globe an' the chart an' the map of South Americky. An' almos' ev'ry day of the nex' week, seems like, that purp of Dutchy's everlastin'ly chawed the parson's. The spotted dawg couldn't go nigh the thirst-parlor or anywheres else. The parson took to fastenin' him up. Then Dutchy 'd mosey over towards Johnson's shack. Out 'd come Mr. Spots. An' one, two, three, the saloon dawg 'd sail into him.

Then a piece of news got 'round that must 'a' made the parson madder 'n a wet hen. Dutchy cleaned the barrels outa his hind room an' put up a notice that the nex' Sunday night he'd give a dance. To finish things, the dawgs had a worse fight 'n ever Friday mornin' an' the parson's los' two spots an' a' ear.

I seen a change in the parson that evenin' When he come down to the postoffice, them brown eyes of his'n was plumb black, an' his face was redder 'n Sam Barnes's. "Things is goin' to happen," I says to myself, "or I ain't no judge of beef."

Sunday night, o' course, you know where the boys went. But I drawed lots with myself an' goes up t' keep a bench warm at the schoolhouse. Wal, from the minut the exercises opened with "Yield Not to Temptation," I could see the air was kinda blue an' liftin' like it is 'fore a thundershower. An' the parson's tex'? It was "Lo, I am full of fury; I am weary with holdin' it in."

Wal, that's the kin' of preachin' a puncher likes!

Monday was quiet. But Dutchy was busy—fixin' up a fine shootin'-gallery at the back of the "Station." Tuesday, somethin' happened at the parson's. Right off after the mornin' train come in, Johnson druv down to the depot an' got somethin' an' hurried it home. When he come

into the thirst-parlor about noon, we ast him what the parson was gittin'. He jus' wunk.

"I bet I knows," says Dutchy; "de preacher mans buys some viskey, alretty."

Johnson snickered. "Wal," he says, "w'at I took up was in a crate, all right."

A crate! Say! we didn't like the soun' o' that, we fellers that was standin' up for the parson.

"You blame idjits!" chips in Buckshot Millikin, him that owns such a turrible big bunch of white faces an' was run out of Arizony for rustlin' sheep, "w'at can y' expec' of a preacher that come from Williams?"

Reckon more'n one of us wondered if they wasn't a darned good reason for the parson not wearin' duds like other religious gents an' for his knowin' how to ride so good. An' we was sore. A cow-punch 'll swalla almos' any ole thing, long's it's right out on the table. But he shore can't go a hippycrit.

Dutchy seen how we felt, an' he nearly bust his sides a-laughin'. "Vot I tolt y'?" he ast. But pritty soon he begun to laugh on the other side of his face.

"If dot preacher goes to run a bar against me," he says, "py golly, I makes no more moneys!"

For a minnit, he looked plumb scairt.

But we was plumb disgusted. The parson was playin' us for suckers, we says to each other. He's been a soft-soapin' us, a flimflammin' us.

He thinks we's as blind as day-ole kittens. An' the way that Tom-fool Johnson hung 'round, lookin' wise, got under our collar. After we'd booted him outa the shebang, we all set down on the edge of the stoop, jus' sayin' nuthin', but sawin' wood.

We wasn't there more'n ten minutes when one of the fellers jumped up. "There comes the parson now," he says.

Shore 'nough, there come the parson in his fancy two-wheel turnout lookin' as pert as thunder. Gall? Wal, I should smile! An' under his cart, runnin' between them yalla wheels, was his spotted dawg.

Buckshot yells in to Dutchy. "Where's your purp, Dutch?" he ast. "The parson's headed this way."

Dutchy was as tickled as a kid with a lookin'-glass an' a hammer. He drops his bar towel an' hauls out his purp.

"Vatch me!" he says.

The parson was a good bit closter, sittin' up straight's a telegraft pole, an' hummin' to hisself. He was wearin' one of them caps with a cowcatcher behin' an' before, knee breeches, boots, an' a sweater—a sweater, mind yu!

"Be a Mother Hubbard nex'," says Bill Rawson.

Somehow, though, as the parson come nearer, I didn't jus' like the way things looked. I sorta

smelt somethin' explodey. He was too all-fired songful to be natural. An' his dawg! That speckled critter was as different from usual as the parson. His good ear was curled up way in, an' he was kinda layin' clost to the groun' as he trotted along—layin' so clost he was plumb bow-legged.

Wal, the parson pulled up at the postoffice. An' he'd no more'n got offen his seat when, first rattle outen the box, them dogs mixed.

Gee whillikens! Such a mix! The' wasn't much of the reg'lar ki-yiin'. Dutchy's purp yelped some; but the parson's? Not for him! He jus' got a good holt, a sure-'nough diamond hitch on that thirst-parlor dawg, an' chawed. Say! An' whilst he chawed, the dust riz up like they was one of them big sand-twisters goin' through Briggs City. All of a suddent, how that spotted dawg could fight!

Dutchy didn't know what'd struck him. He runs out. "Come hellup" he yells to the parson.

The parson shook his head. "This street is not my private property," he says.

Then Dutchy jumped in an' begun t' kick the parson's dawg in the snoot. The parson walks up an' stops Dutchy.

That makes the Dutchman turrible mad. He didn't have no gun on him, so out he jerks his pig-sticker.

What happened nex' made our eyes plumb

stick out. That parson side-stepped, put out a han' an' a foot, an' with that high-falutin' Jewie-Jitsie you read 'bout, tumbled corn-beef-an'-cabbage onto his back. Then he straddled him an' slapped his face.

"Lieber!" screeched Dutchy.

"Goin' t' have any more Sunday night dances?" ast the parson. (Bing, bang.)

"Nein! Nein!"

"Any more (bing, bang) free Sunday suppers?"

"Nein! No more! Hellup!"

"Goin' to change this (biff, biff) saloon's name?"

"Ya! Ya! Gott!"

The parson got up. "Amen!" he says. Then he runs into the post-office, grabs a pail of water, comes out again an' throws it on the dawgs.

The Dutchman's purp was done for already. An' the other one was tired 'nough to quit. So when the water splashed, Dutchy got his dawg by the tail, an' drug him into the thirst-parlor. But that critter of the parson's! Soon as the water teched him, them spots of his'n begun to run. He wasn't the stylish keerige dawg at all. He was a jimber-jawed bull!

The nex' Sunday night the schoolhouse was chuck full. All of us cow-punchers was there, an' Johnson an' Buckshot an 'Rawson an' Dutchy —yes, ma'am, Dutchy, we rounded him up. D' y'

think after such a come-off we was goin' to let that limburger run any compytition place against our parson?

An' that night the parson stan's up on the platform smilin', an' looks over that cattletown bunch an' says, "I take for my tex' this ev'nin', 'An' the calf an' the young lion an' the fatlin' shall lie down in peace together.'"

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